

PAYING N PAIN

\$2

ISSUE
NINE

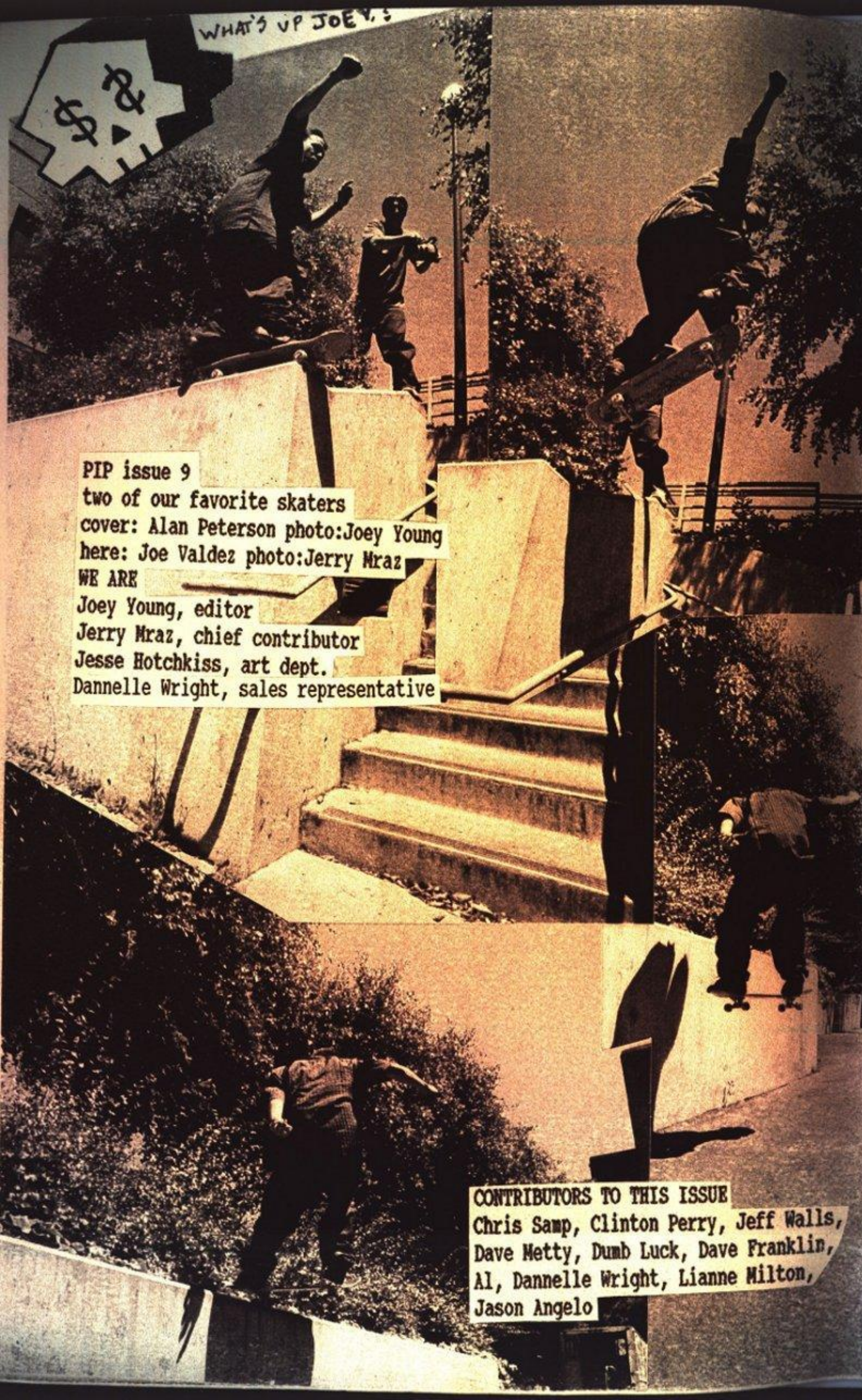
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WHAT'S UP JOEY?



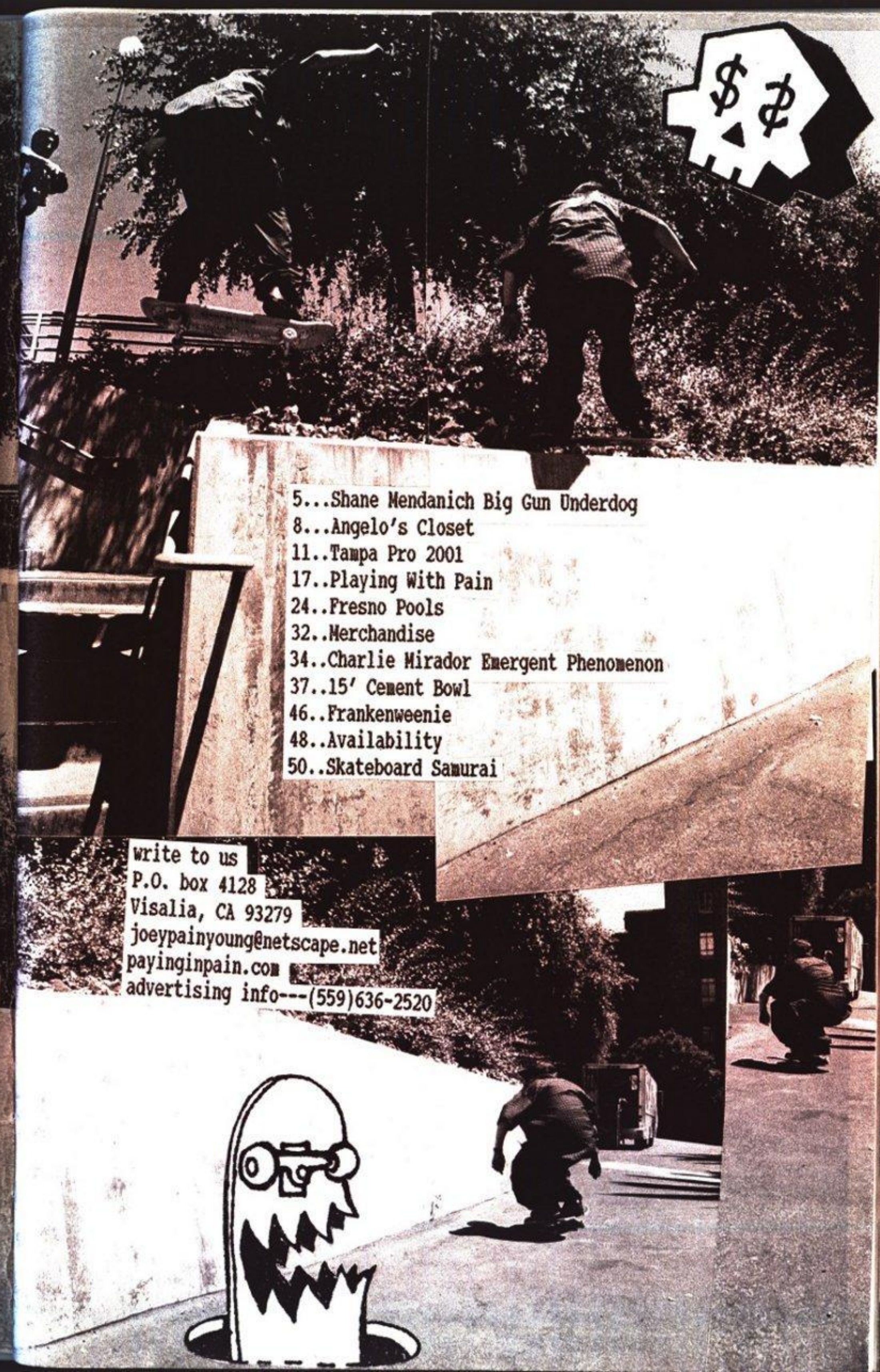
PIP issue 9

two of our favorite skaters
cover: Alan Peterson photo:Joey Young
here: Joe Valdez photo:Jerry Mraz
WE ARE

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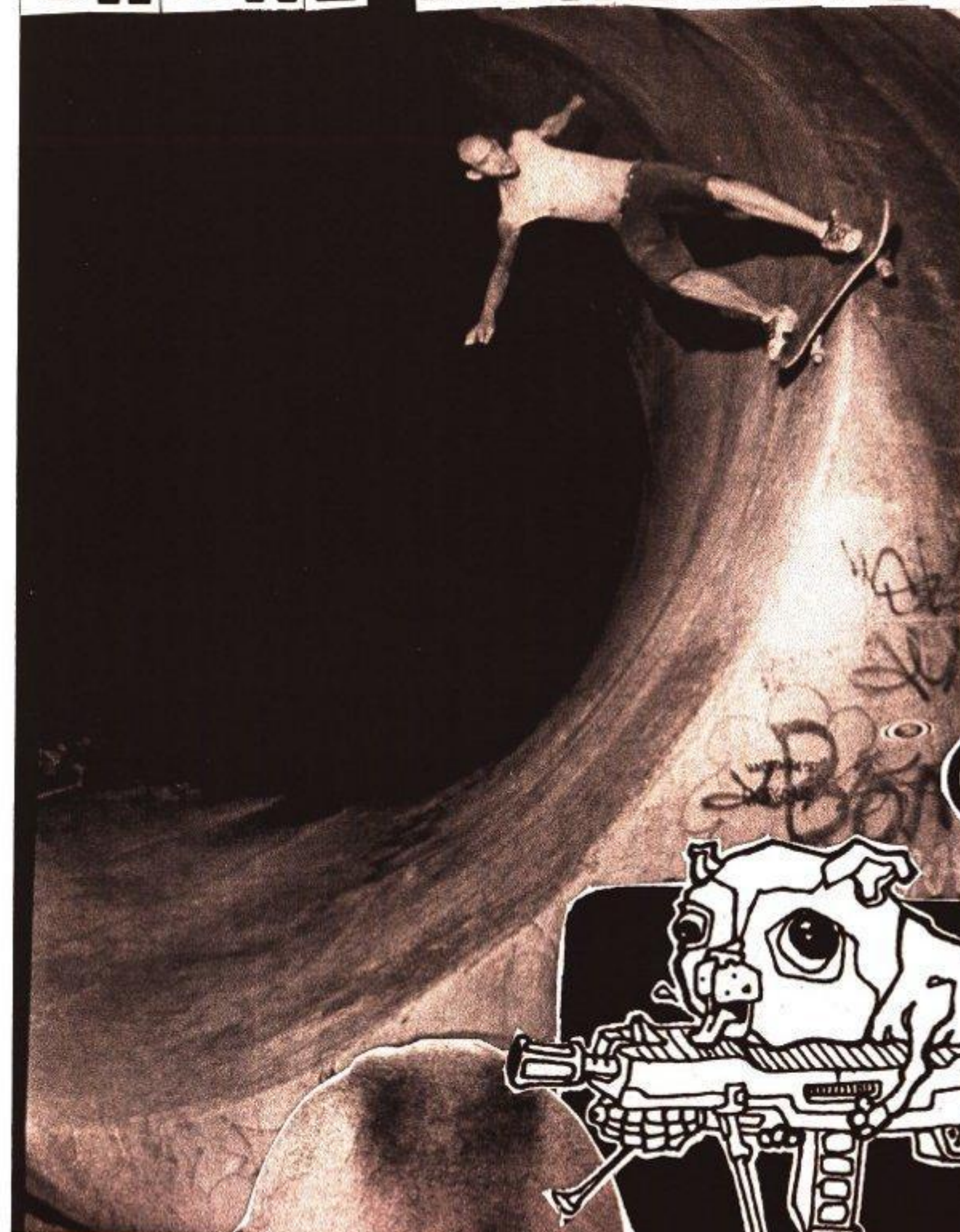
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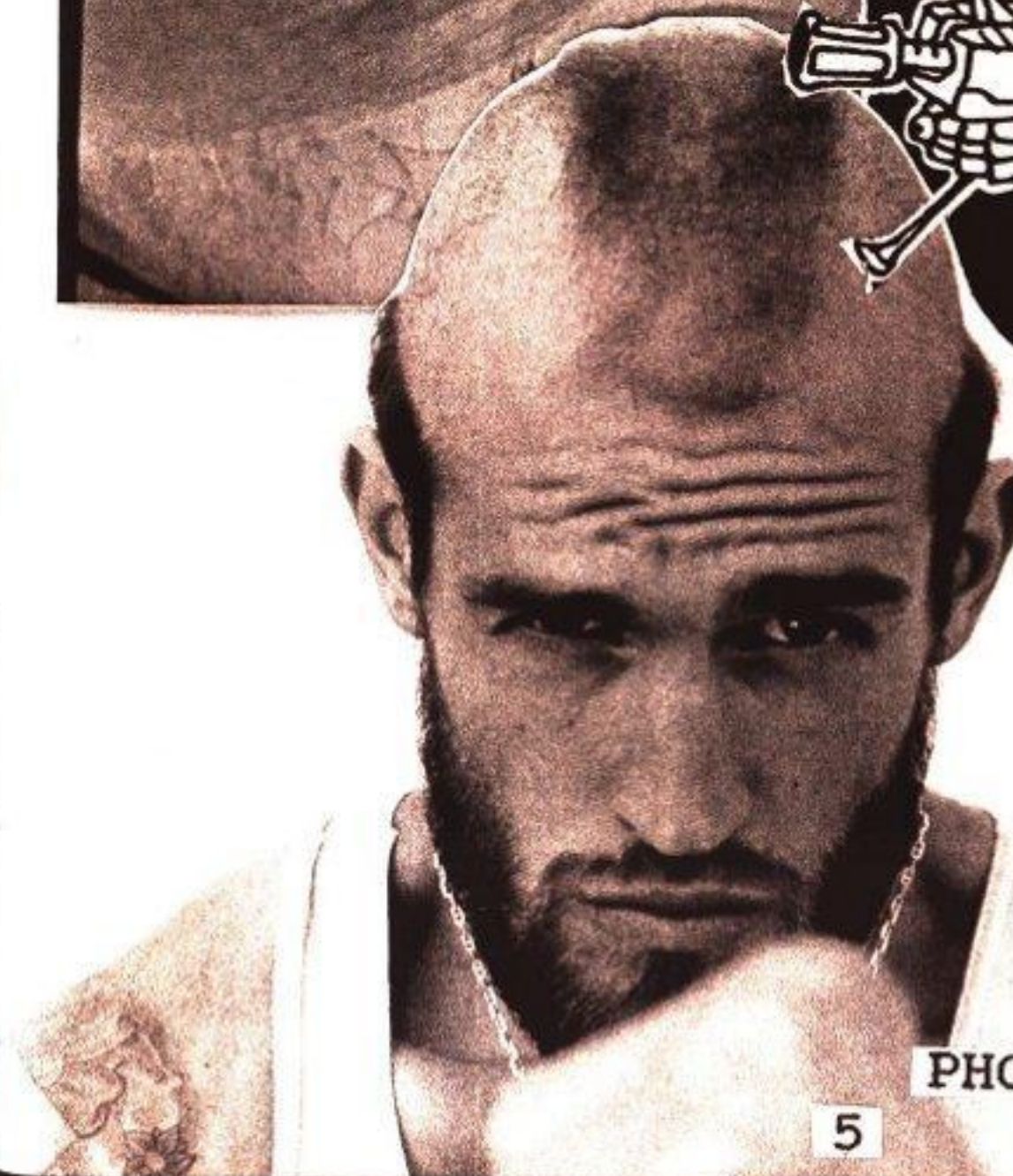
SHANE MENDANICH



BIG GUN



UNDER DOG



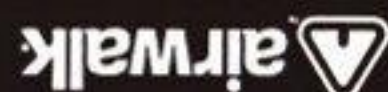
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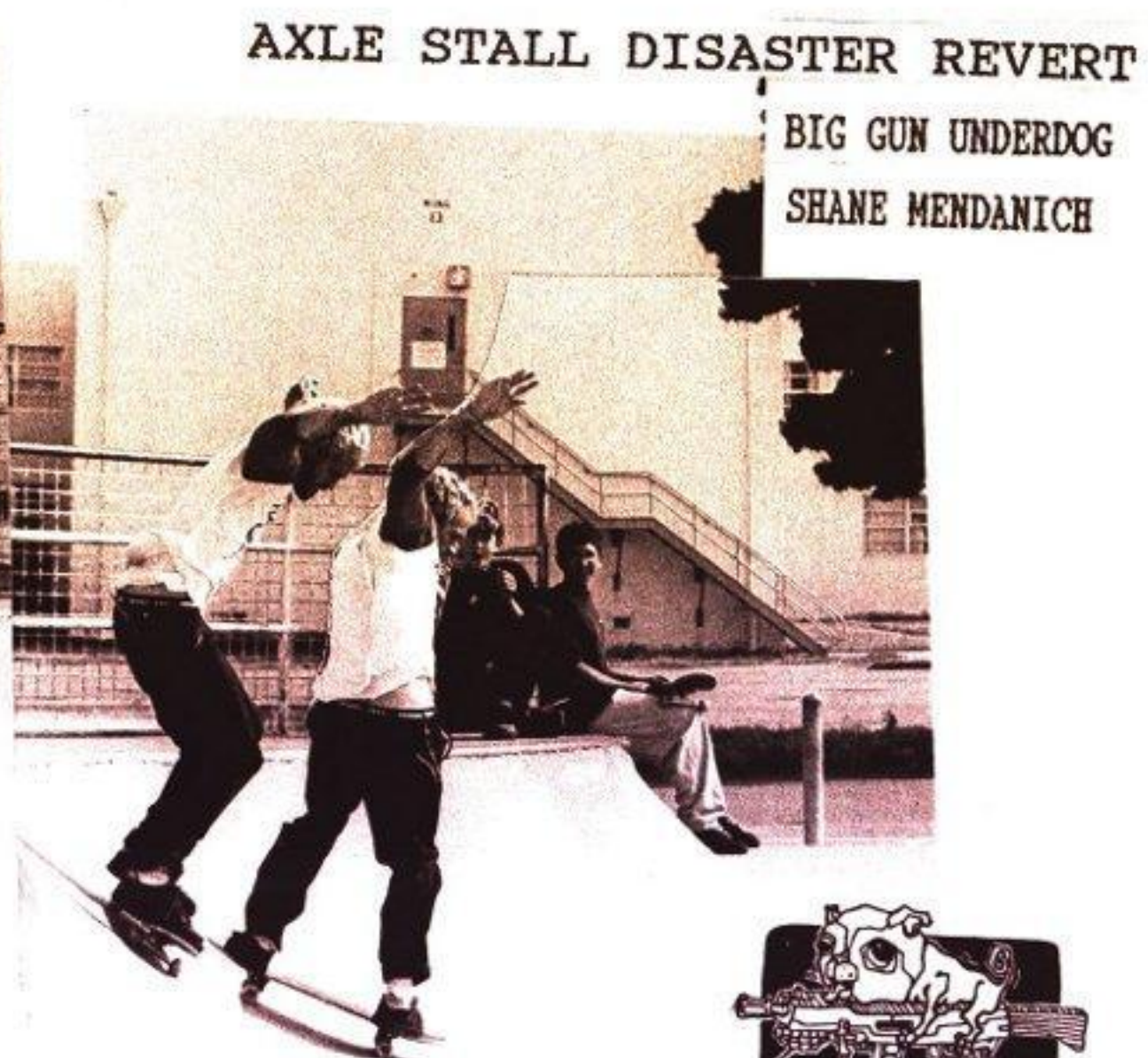
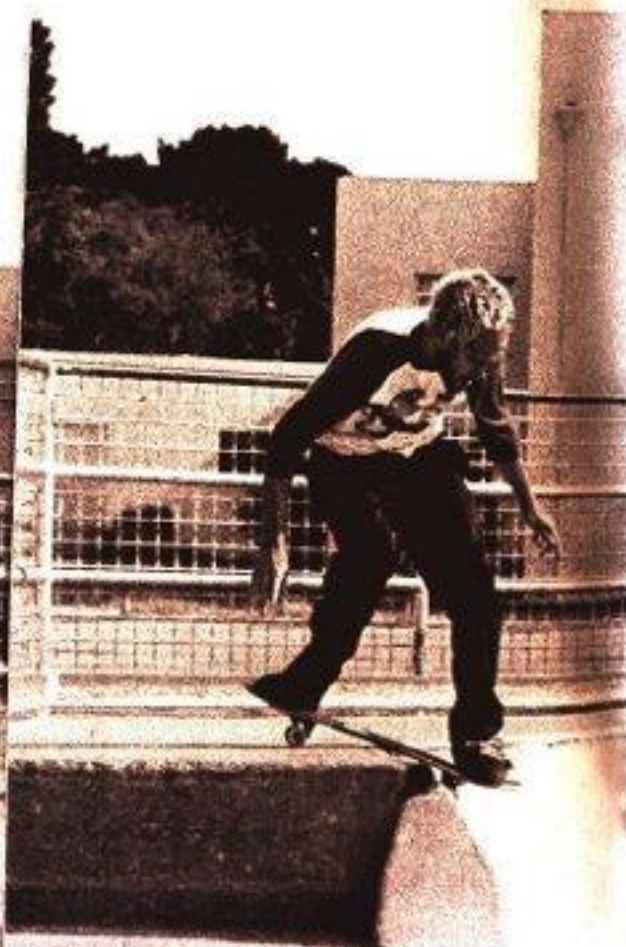
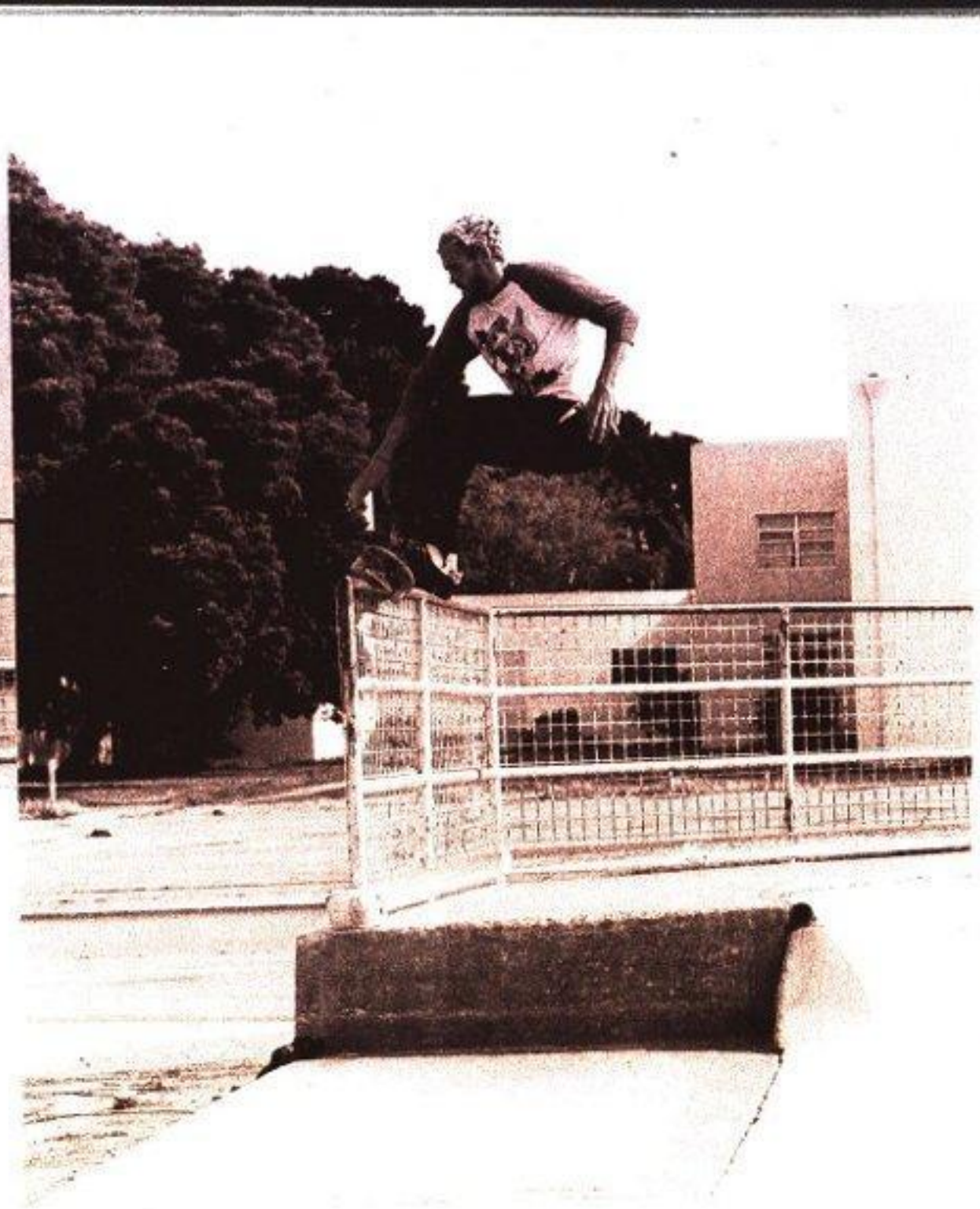
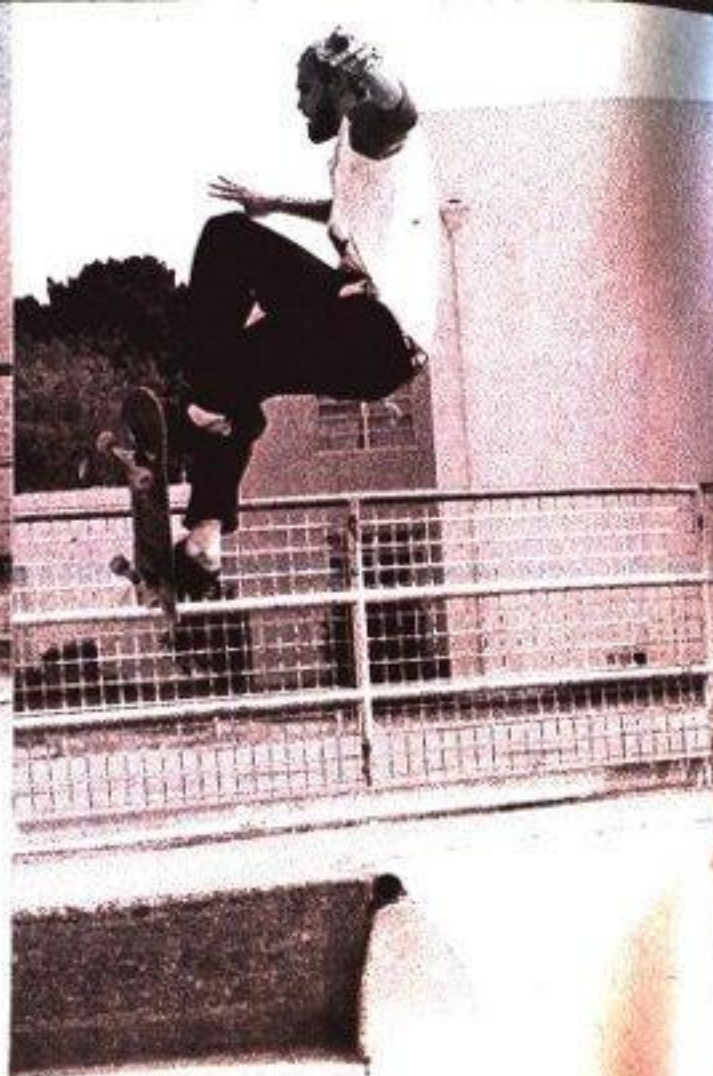
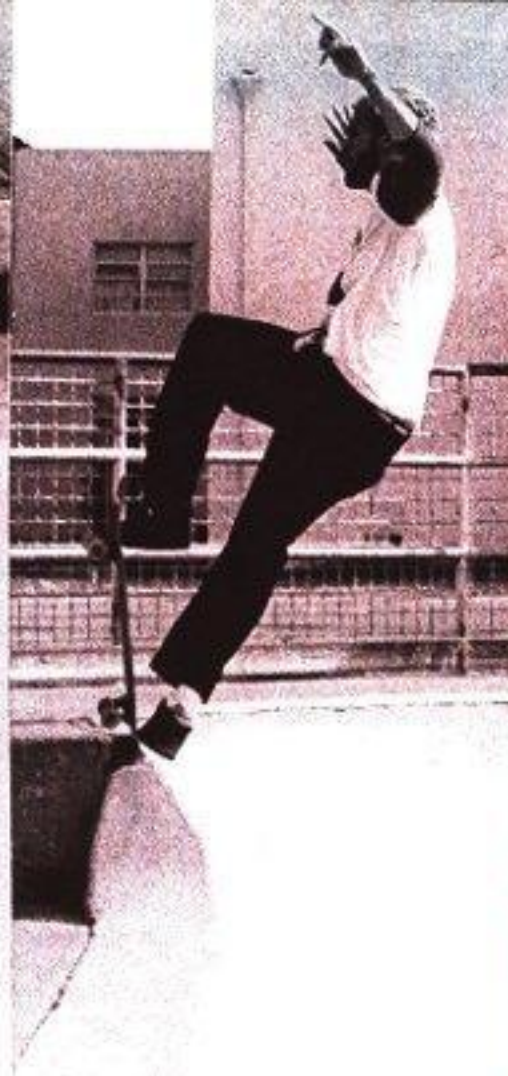
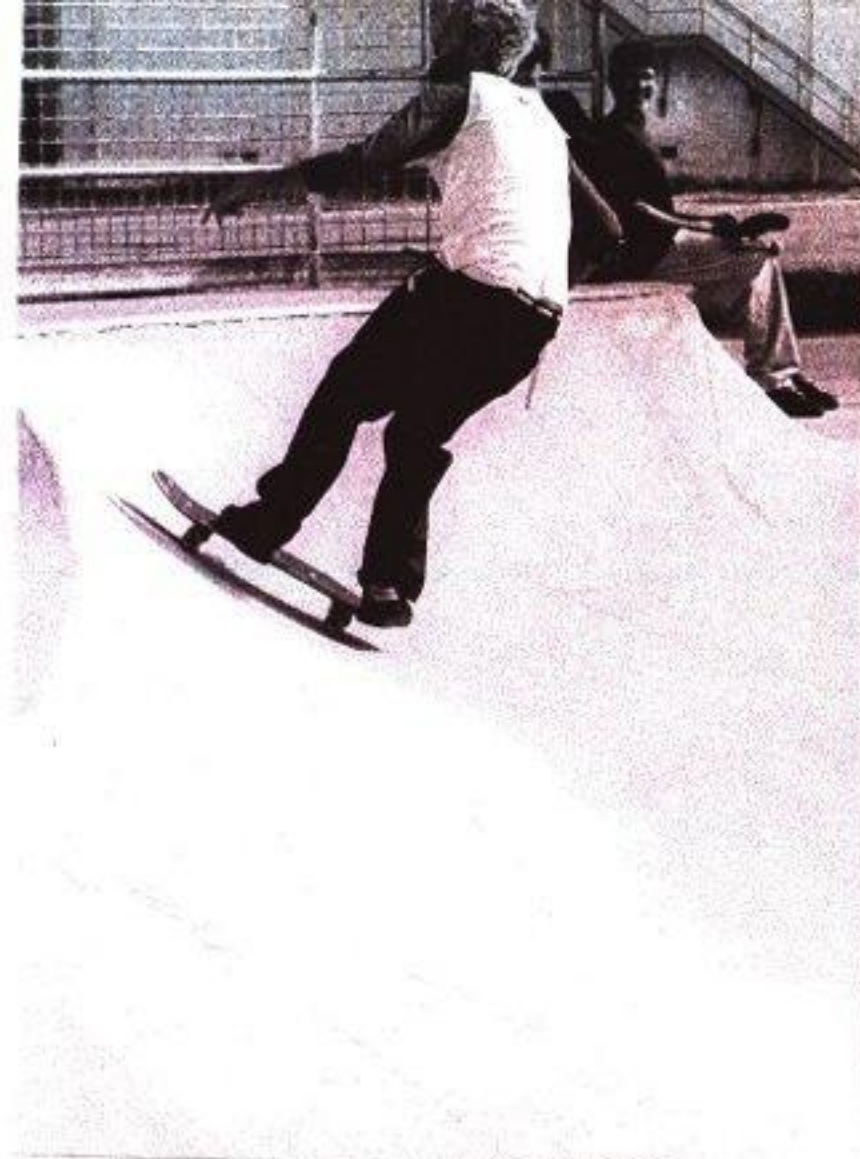


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Jesse Paéz's Fall Slide
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AXLE STALL DISASTER REVERT
BIG GUN UNDERDOG
SHANE MENDANICH



ANGELO'S CLOSET

OLD PHOTOS ARE THE BEST, NOSTALGIA PACKED FUN.
FOUND THESE NEGATIVES THE OTHER DAY IN MY CLOSET
I PRINTED THEM TONIGHT. I HOPE YOU ENJOY THEM
- ANGELO

B.S. LIP - PORTER

PARKING GARAGE ASSAULT - ASSAILANTS UNKNOWN, PHOTO JOSH

WALLIE - JESSE PAEZ CIRCA 98

Angelo just gave me these
photos, so I pulled out
the glue and slapped 'em
in there - JOEY

KILLING MACHINE

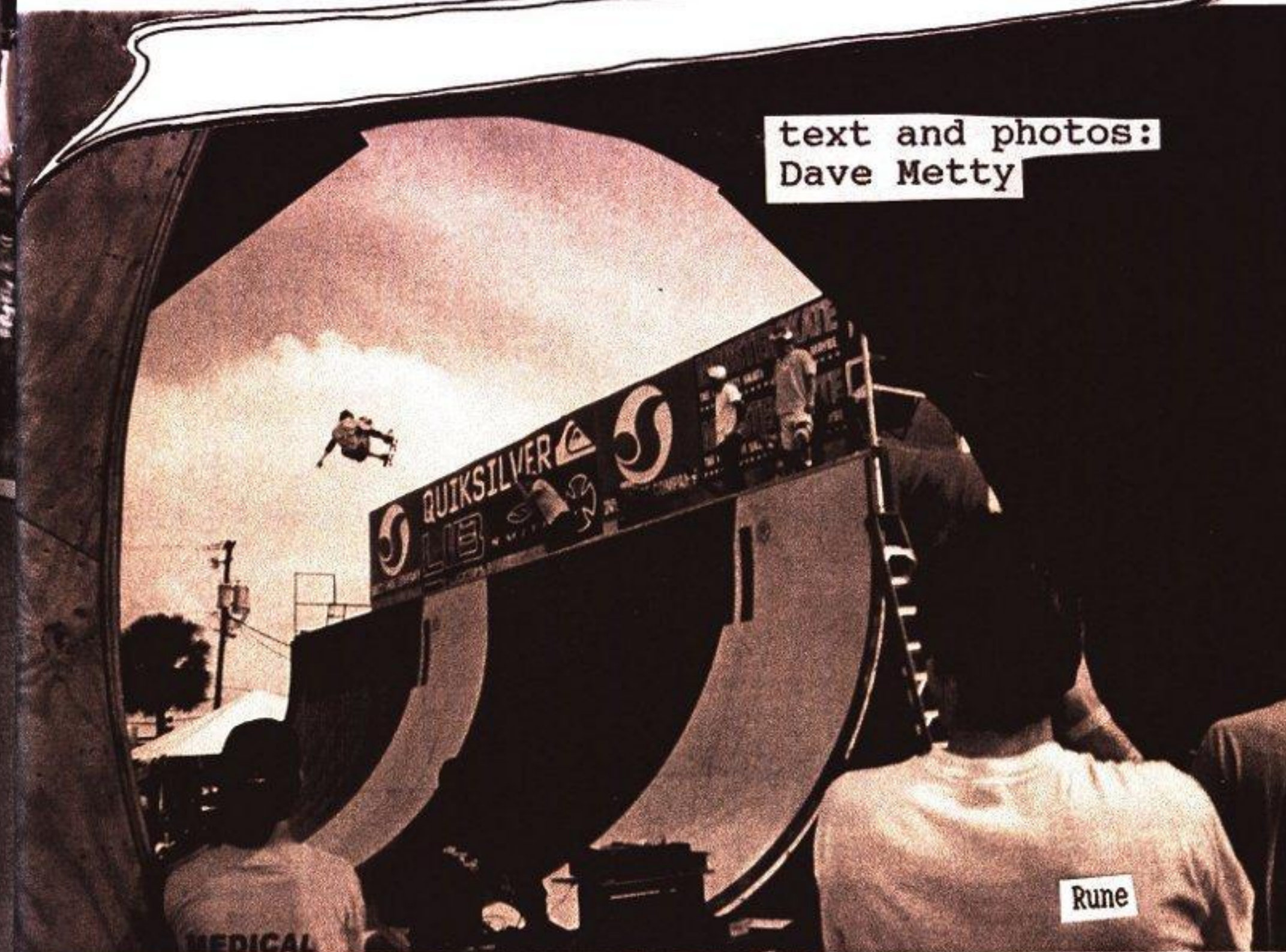
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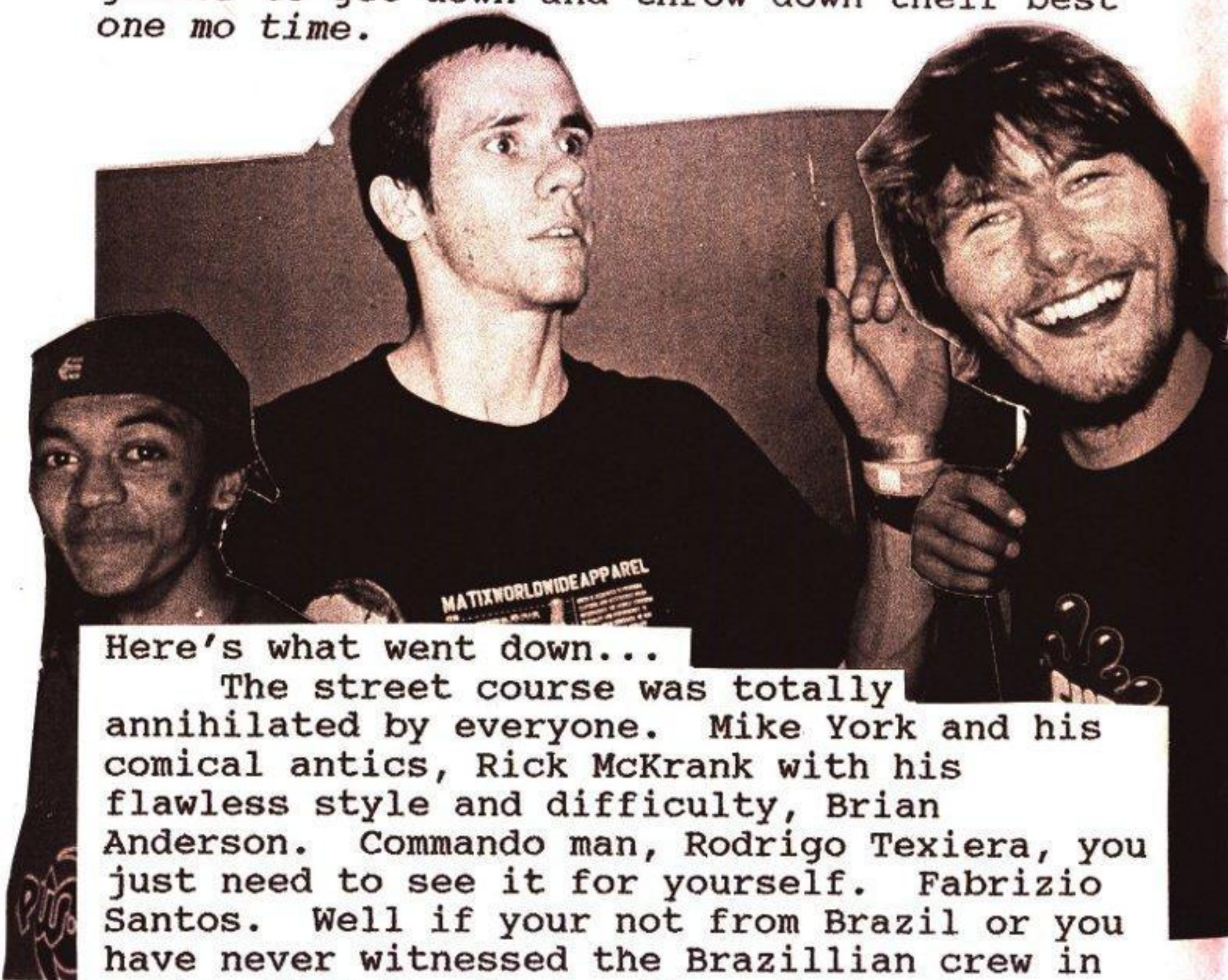
Tampa Pro 2001

text and photos:
Dave Metty



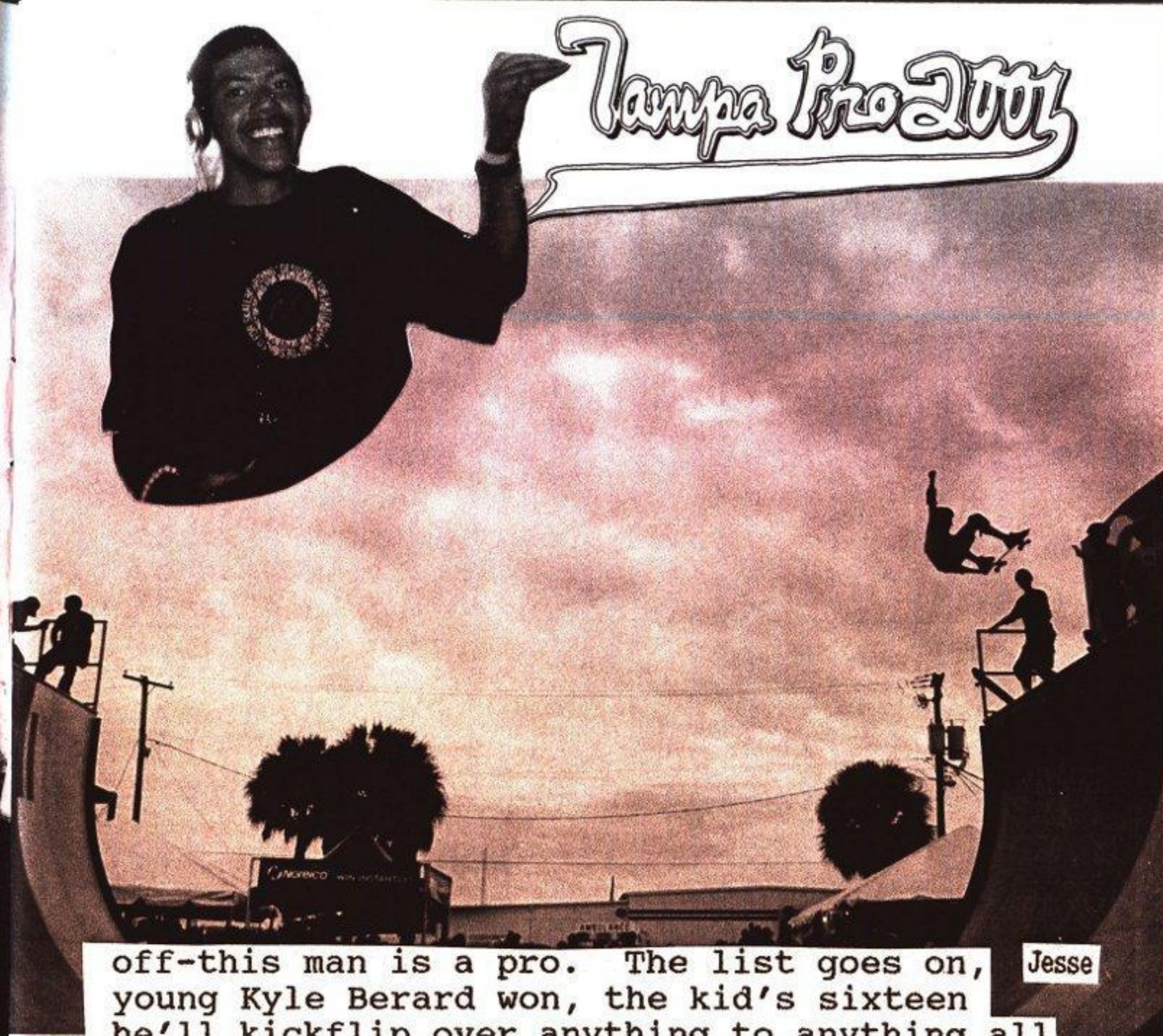
I am a judge. That is how I travel the world. I get paid to judge professional skateboard competitions. It is a two edged sword. On the one hand, I struggle with the job. Why? Skaters get pissed because they feel they are not judged properly. Some skater don't even care how they end up in the rankness. Some skaters feel that competitions shouldn't even exist, I get flack from them for even doing the job. The other side of the sword is that living a life of skating has never stopped paying off.

My first contest of the year was Tampa Pro. In late February I received a phone call from The Skatepark of Tampa owner and contest organizer, Brian Shaeffer. We've known each other for years yet I have never been to his park. He asked if I would judge, I accepted and off to Tampa I flew. Contests are a blast, you get to see all your friends in a different city or country. You are guaranteed to witness something no one has seen before on a skateboard and anything else might go down when 150 of the best skaters gather to get down and throw down their best one mo time.



Here's what went down...

The street course was totally annihilated by everyone. Mike York and his comical antics, Rick McKrank with his flawless style and difficulty, Brian Anderson. Commando man, Rodrigo Texiera, you just need to see it for yourself. Fabrizio Santos. Well if your not from Brazil or you have never witnessed the Brazillian crew in action (Bob B., Sandro Dias, Carlos De Andrade, Rodil De Arajou, Lincoln Ueda, and more) then you can't imagine what I mean when I say-The Love-These boys and girls have all the heart we Americans lack, move to Brazil. Mike V. punishing the walls of The Skatepark of Tampa. Kerry Getz and his absolutely perfect execution, Justin Strubing smooth operator, Ed Temps years of dedication pays



off-this man is a pro. The list goes on, young Kyle Berard won, the kid's sixteen he'll kickflip over anything to anything all day long.

The Vert. All I have to say is, Giant Red Bull ramp equals gnarly, gnarly speed.

Rune took to the skies, he looks like he's been shot out of a cannon all day. Of course Bob wiped all the stereotypes of your typical "vert dog" off all over shallow minds, half cab frontside blunts. Front blunt reverts, blunt kickflip out, whatever? Renton Millar decided to do his best tricks when the whole event was over. 360 kickflip noseslides, nollie flip 5-0, kickflip R-N-R boardslides and a kickflip bs nosegrind shove-it for your slow expanding brain. These guys say I could care less what you think, I think then...I do, go home and eat a cracker, put some canned cheese on it and watch your ABC hit show, Who's The Boss, I'll be out dreaming the reality.

And speaking of dreaming in reality.
Let's make our way over to the loop.

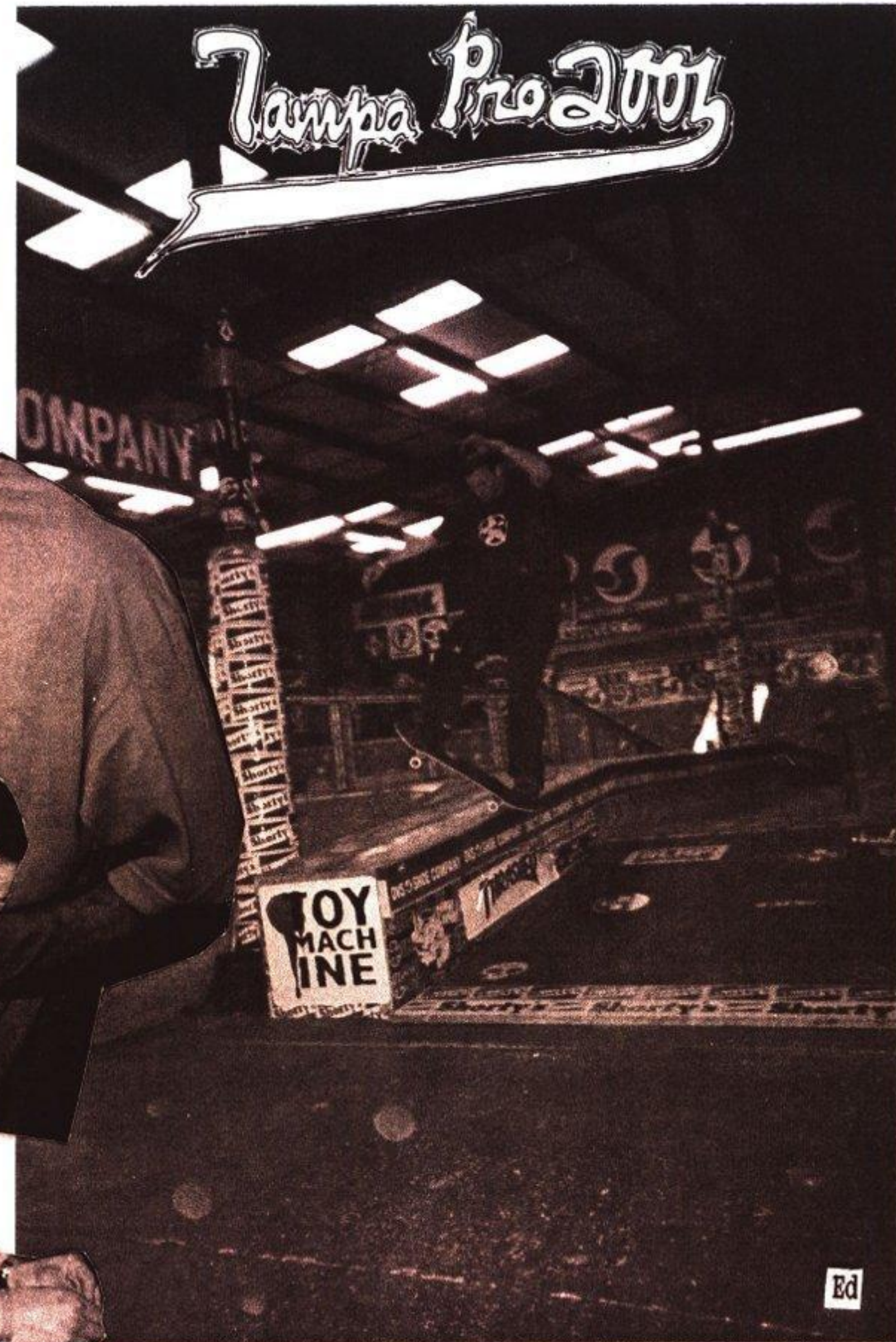
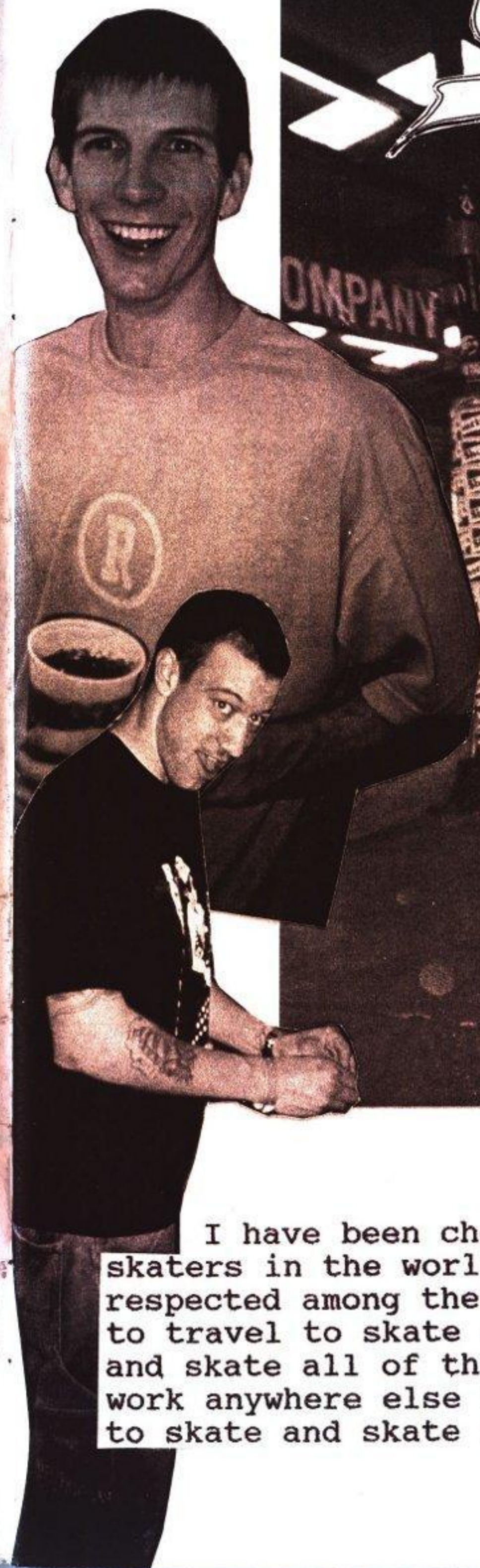
Mike V. was pissed that everyone was trying it. He said, why the **F** does anyone want to do that. Steve Caballaro broke it down for him. Why not? To test their limits, to see if it could be done and then to see what can be done with it. To walk on the edge of life.

Well Bob did just that. Peter Hewitt thumped himself straight to the hospital leaving behind a somber and distraught crowd of 500. Brian Shaeffer said Peter would be bummed if we stopped, then 15 minutes later we witnessed Brian spin 1 1/2 times head over heels from sixteen feet up, smack his head on the ground so hard that he instantly flipped back the opposite way, unconscious, rag doll style and land on his side. By the looks of the slam most people knew, not thought, but knew there was a good chance the guy was dead. It was the worst thing I have ever witnessed in my life. Brian got towed away by the ambulance, he was conscious when he left and gave a feeble but visible thumbs up. The crowd dispersed suddenly and confused. Why did this happen? Why did we do this?



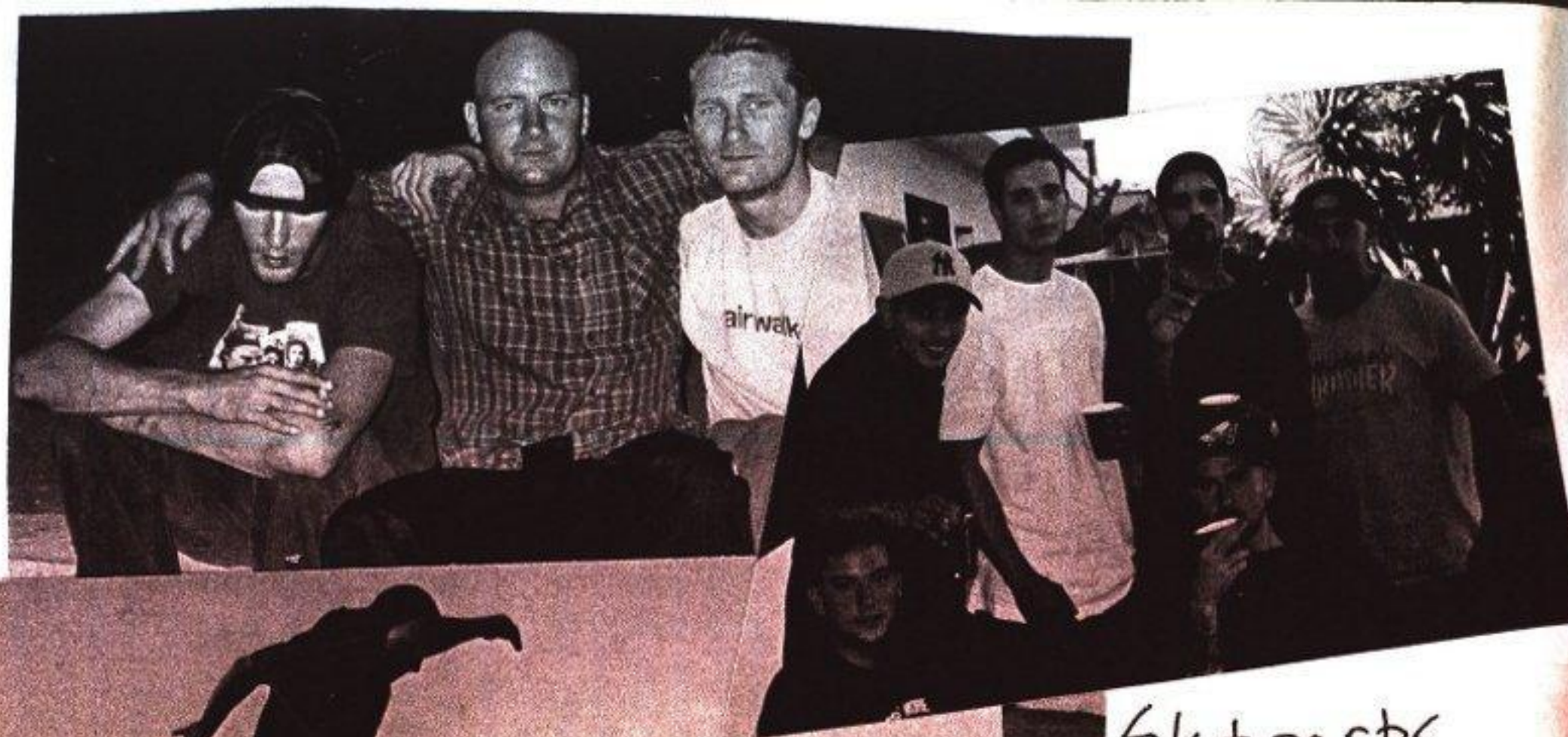
The Loop

The 20 of us standing by the loop looked up to Bob in the giant roll in. What's up Bob? He nods yes and said, Brian would be bummed if we stopped because he got hurt. We all shook our heads in disbelief. How can he continue? Is he serious? Yes he is and 5 tries later Mr. Bob landed it going backwards (switch). Brian is okey today, Peter was out that night, and history was made. I love my life. I love my friends and I love my job. Thanks Brian, thanks Don, Daneille, Shrewgy and all the skaters reading this, we are the skaters of the world. Keep Dreaming.



Ed

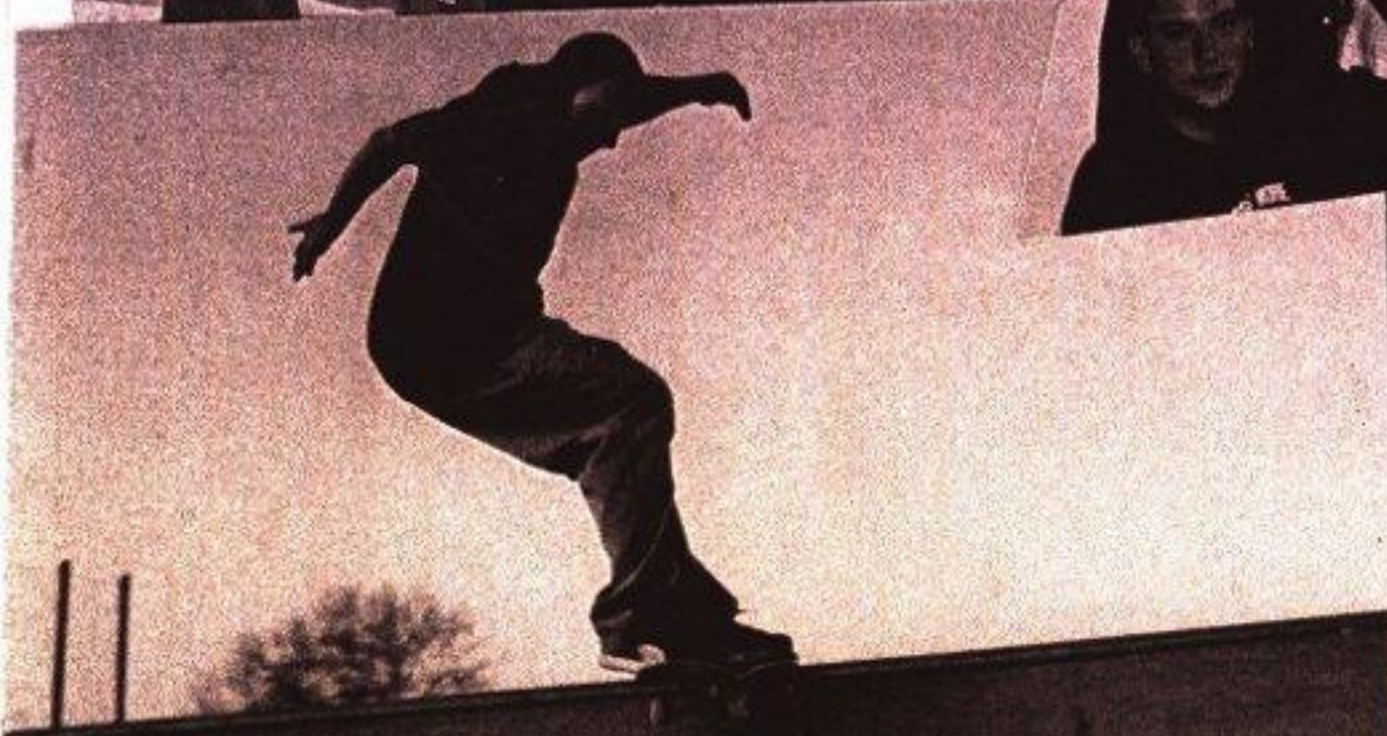
I have been chosen to judge the best skaters in the world as they compete. I am respected among the best and the worst, I get to travel to skate spots all over the globe and skate all of them and I don't have to work anywhere else to pay the bills. I live to skate and skate to live-life is great.



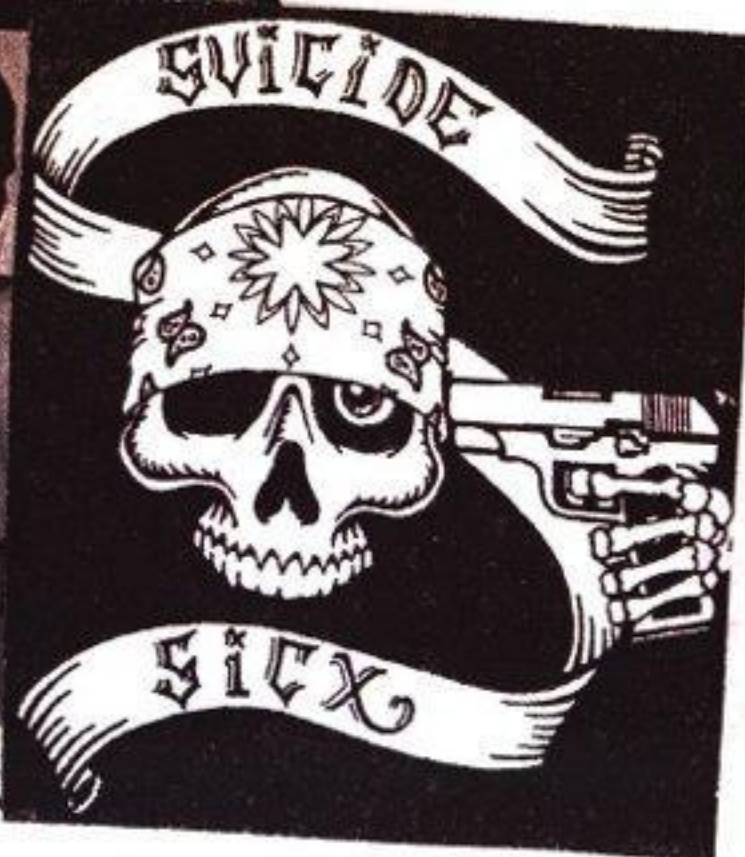
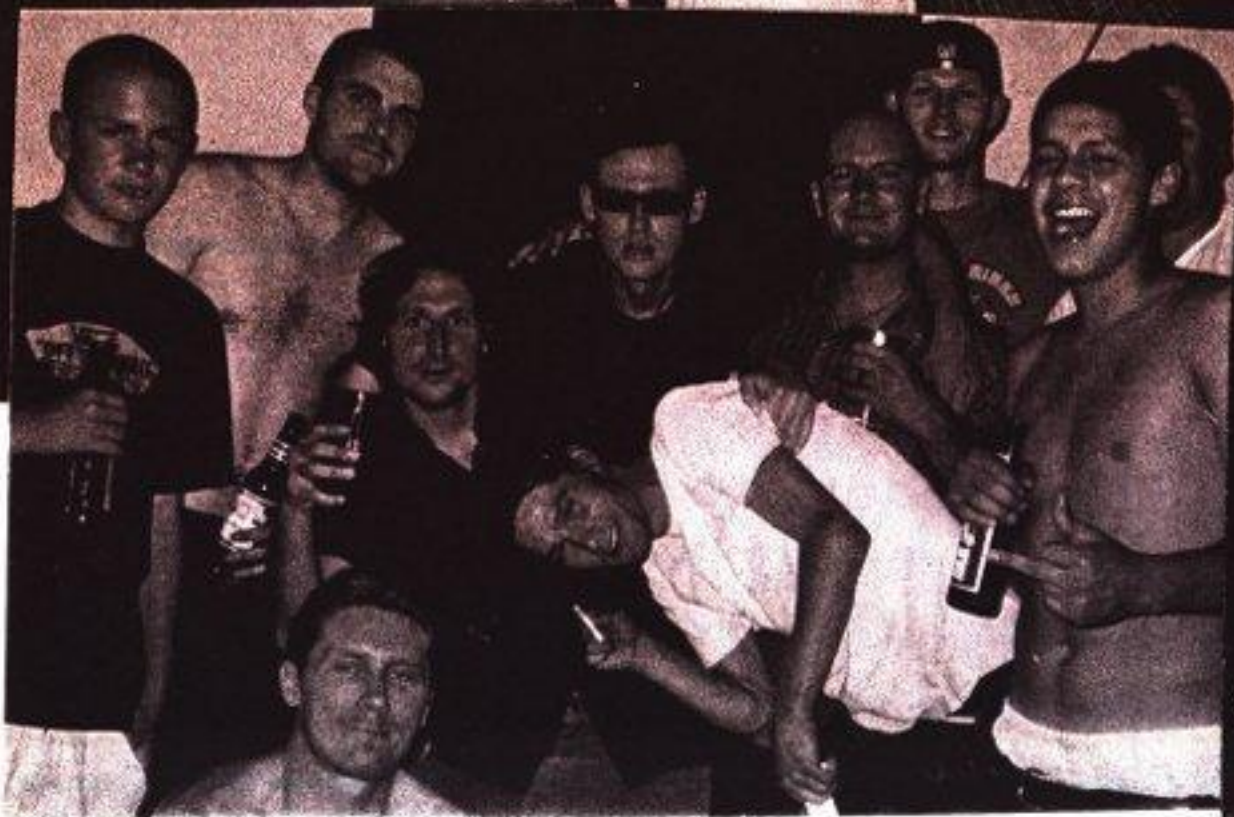
PLAYING WITH PAIN

photo overload

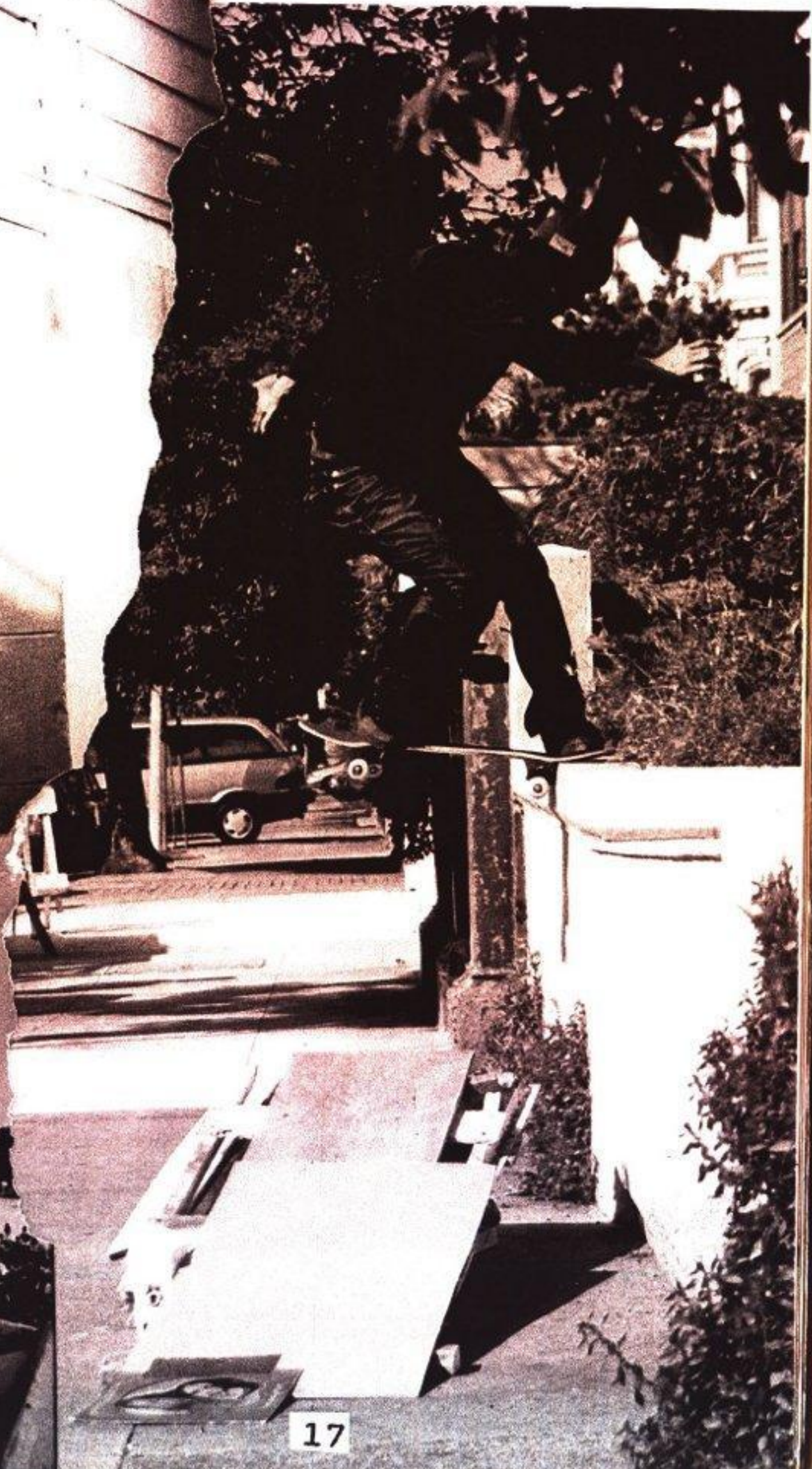
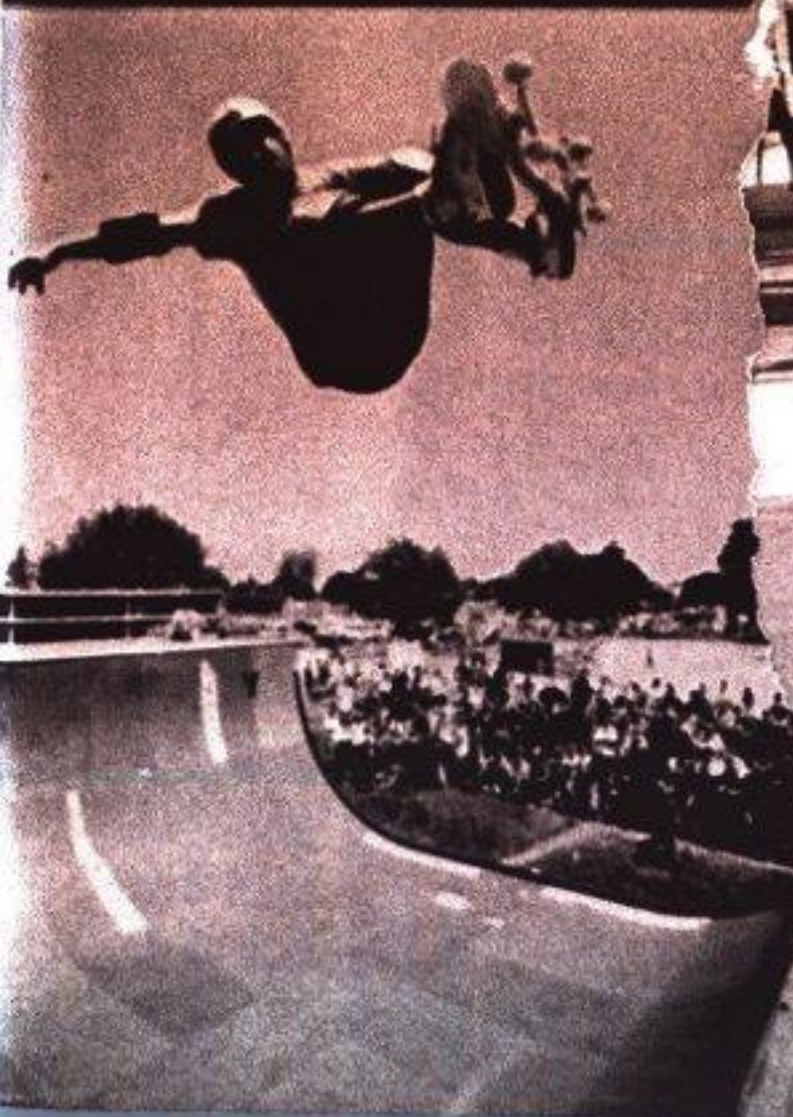
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Jared Scholl by Chris Samp
Renton Millar by Joey Young

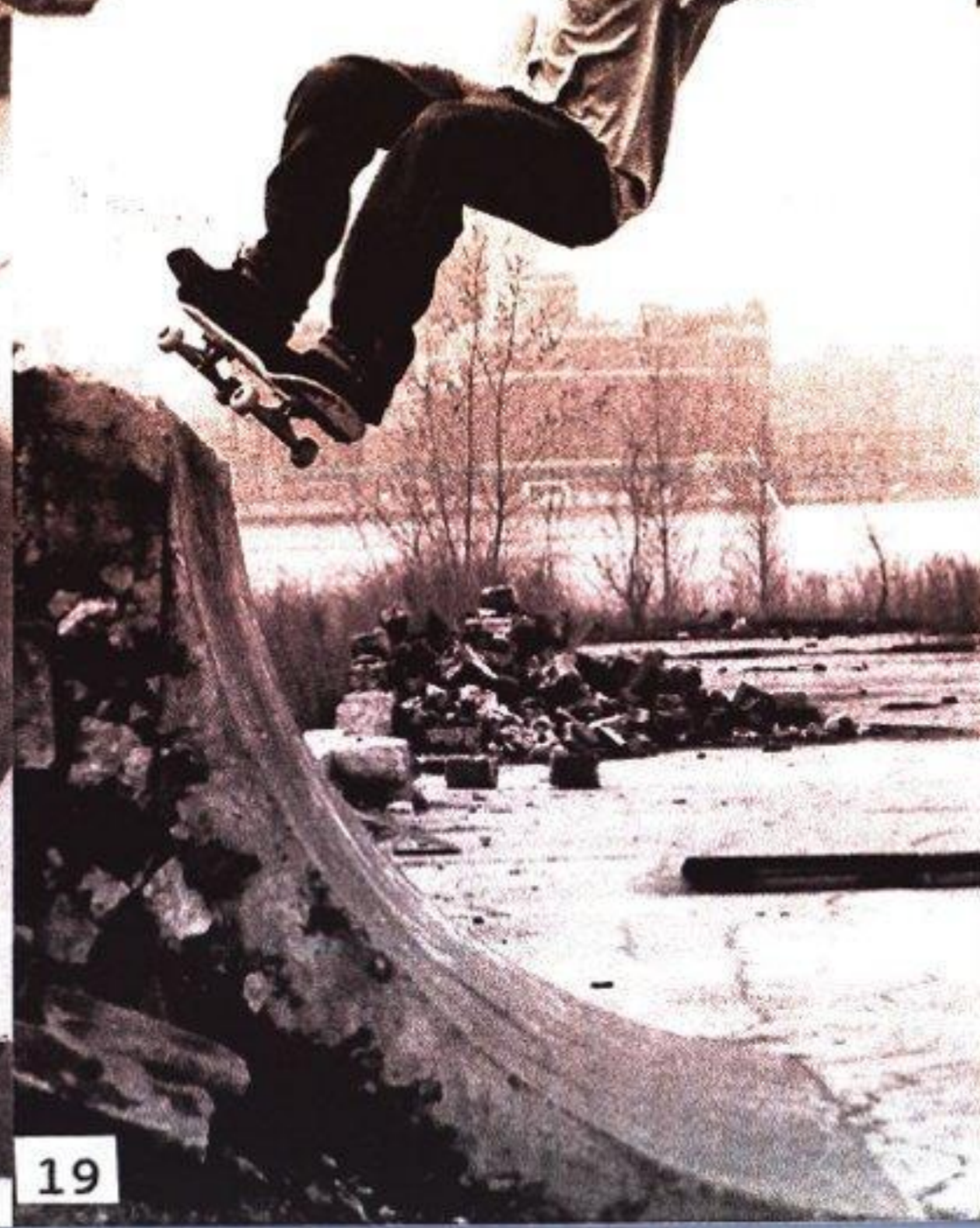
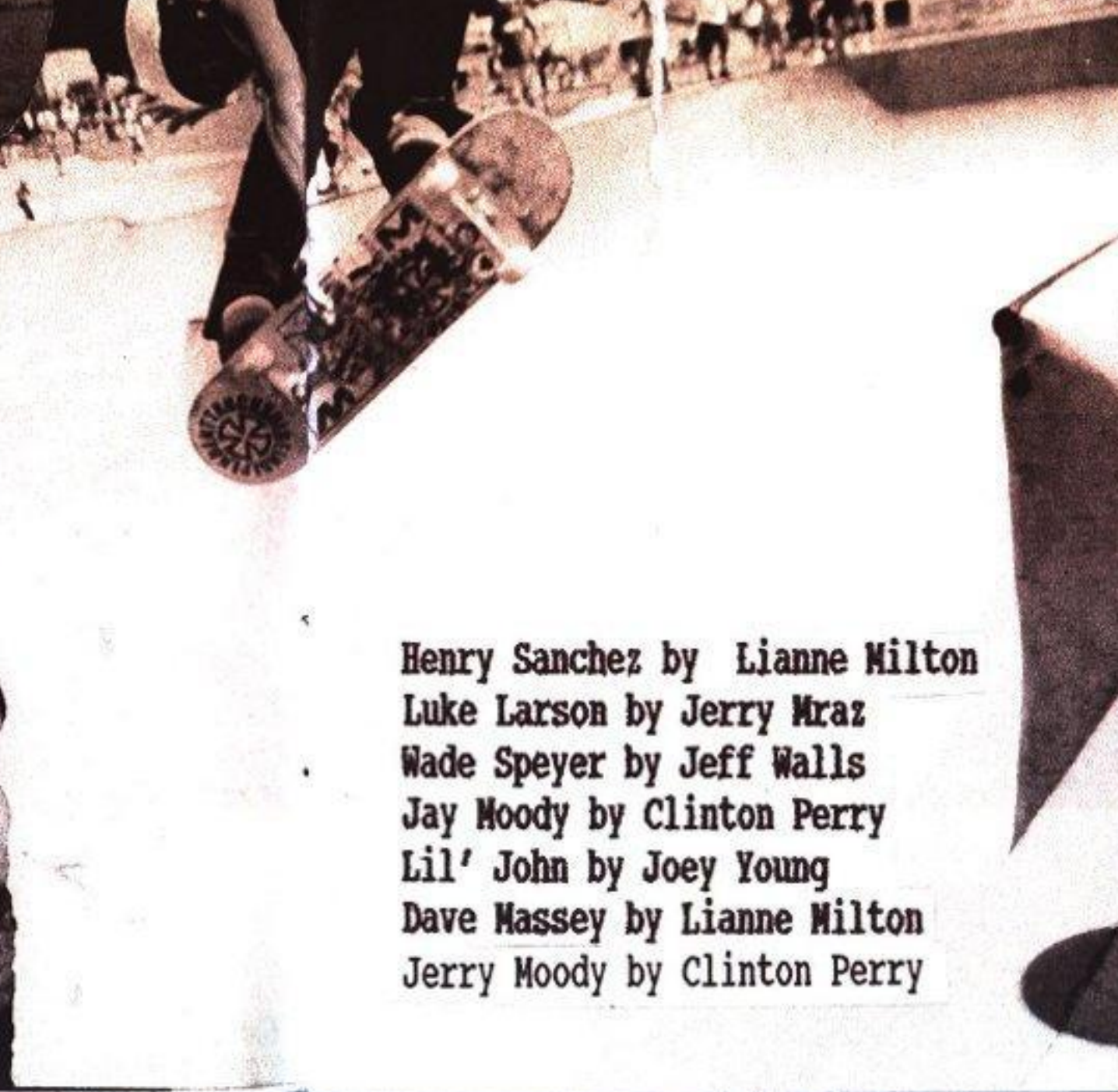
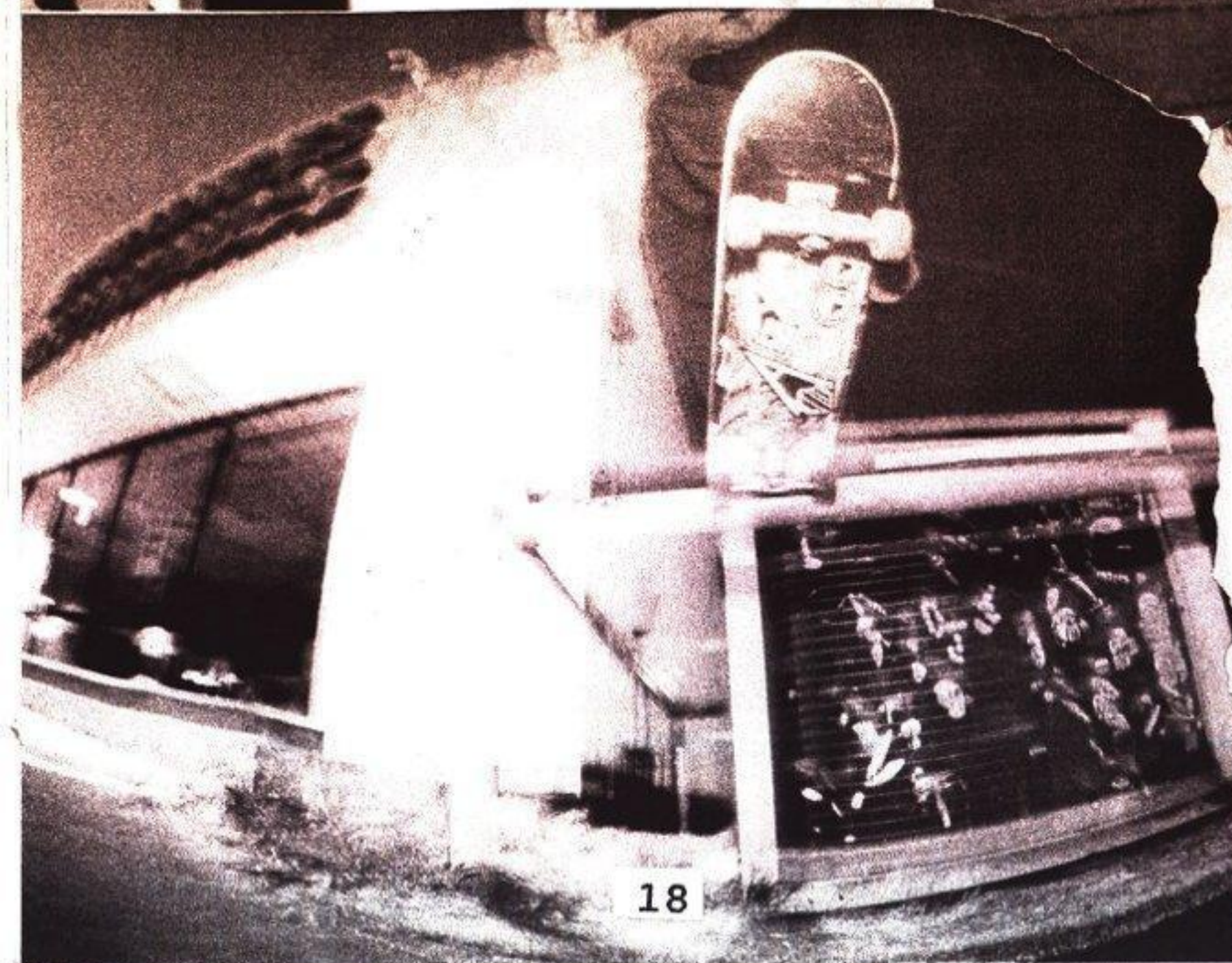
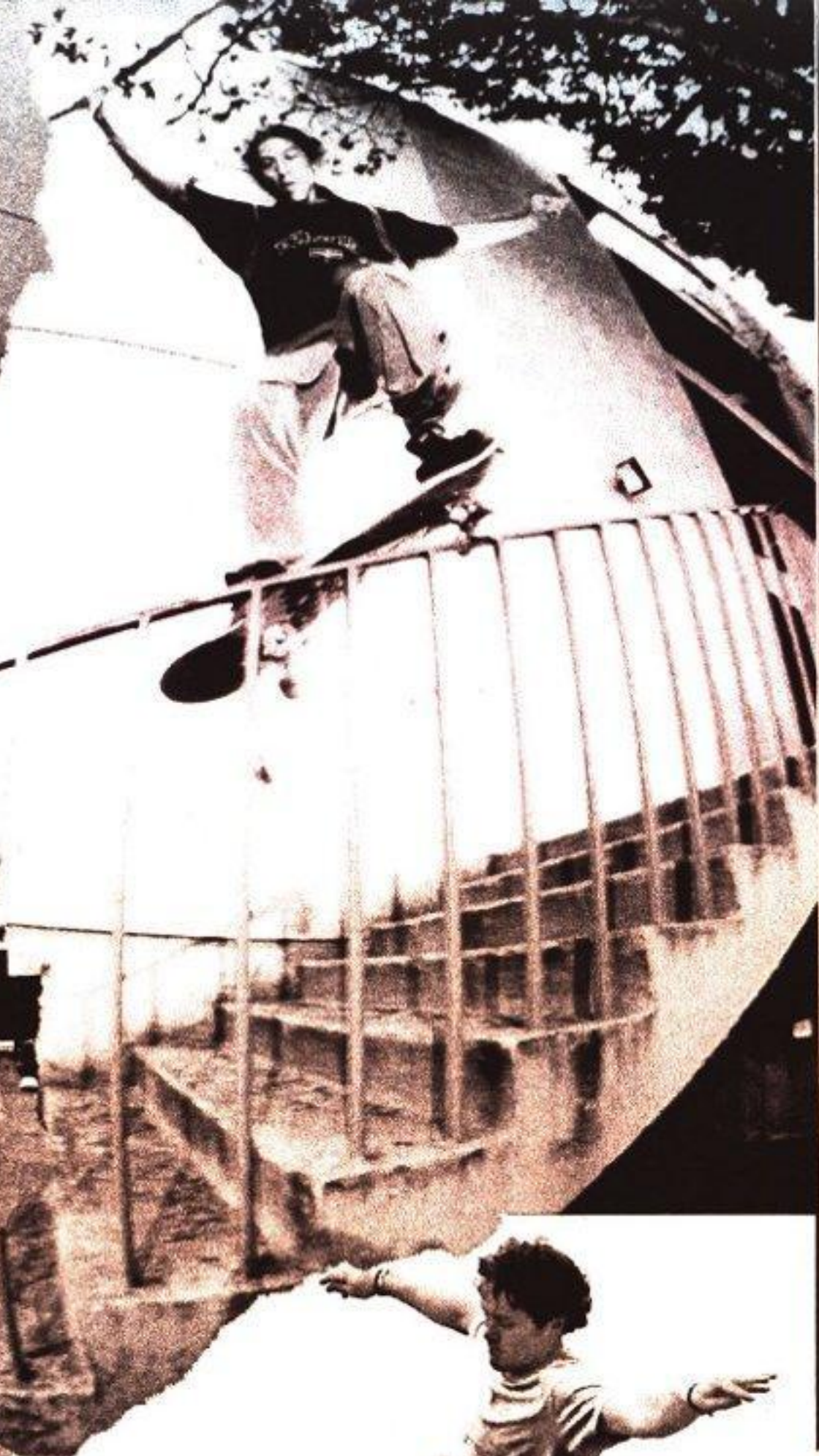
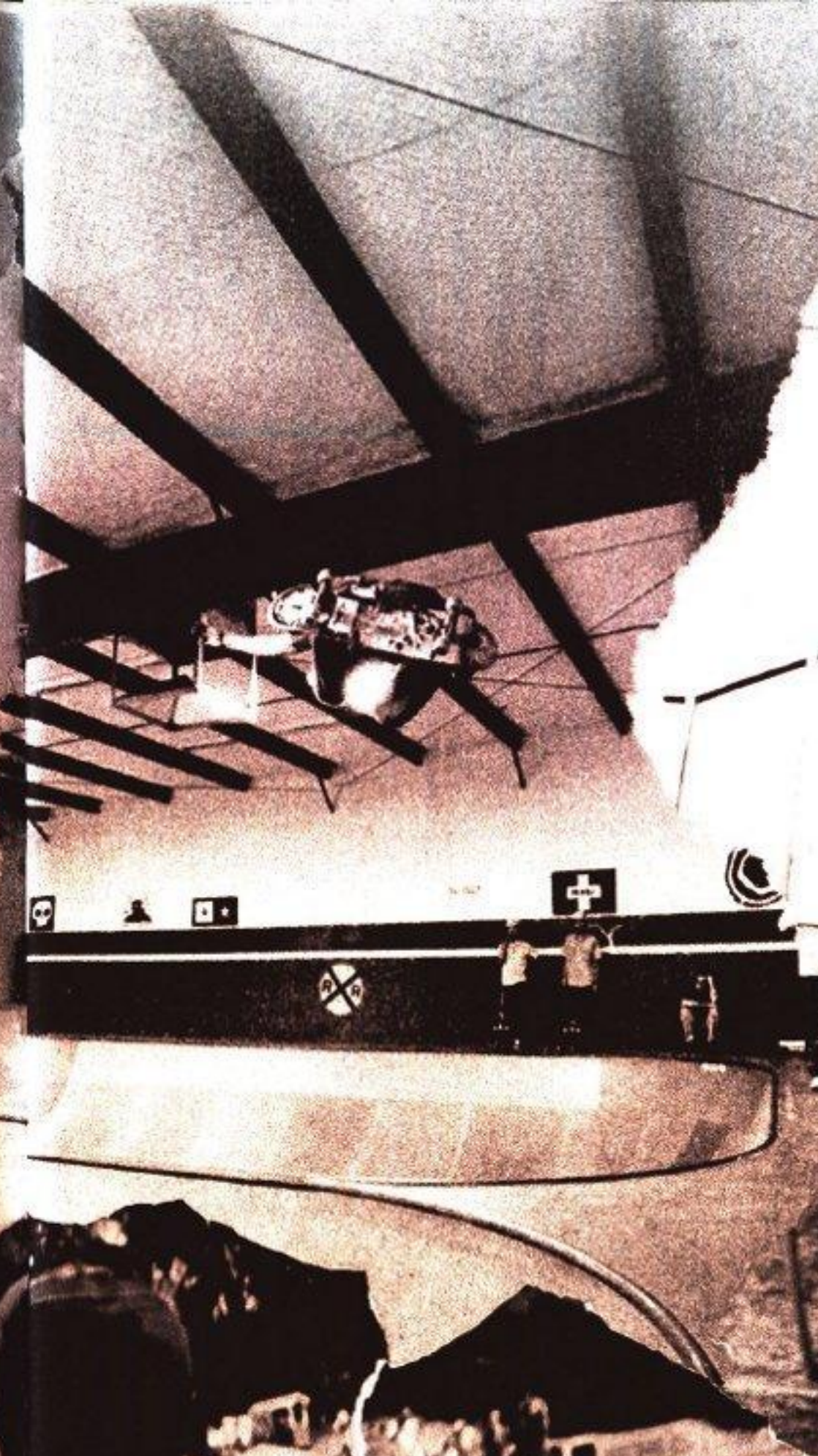
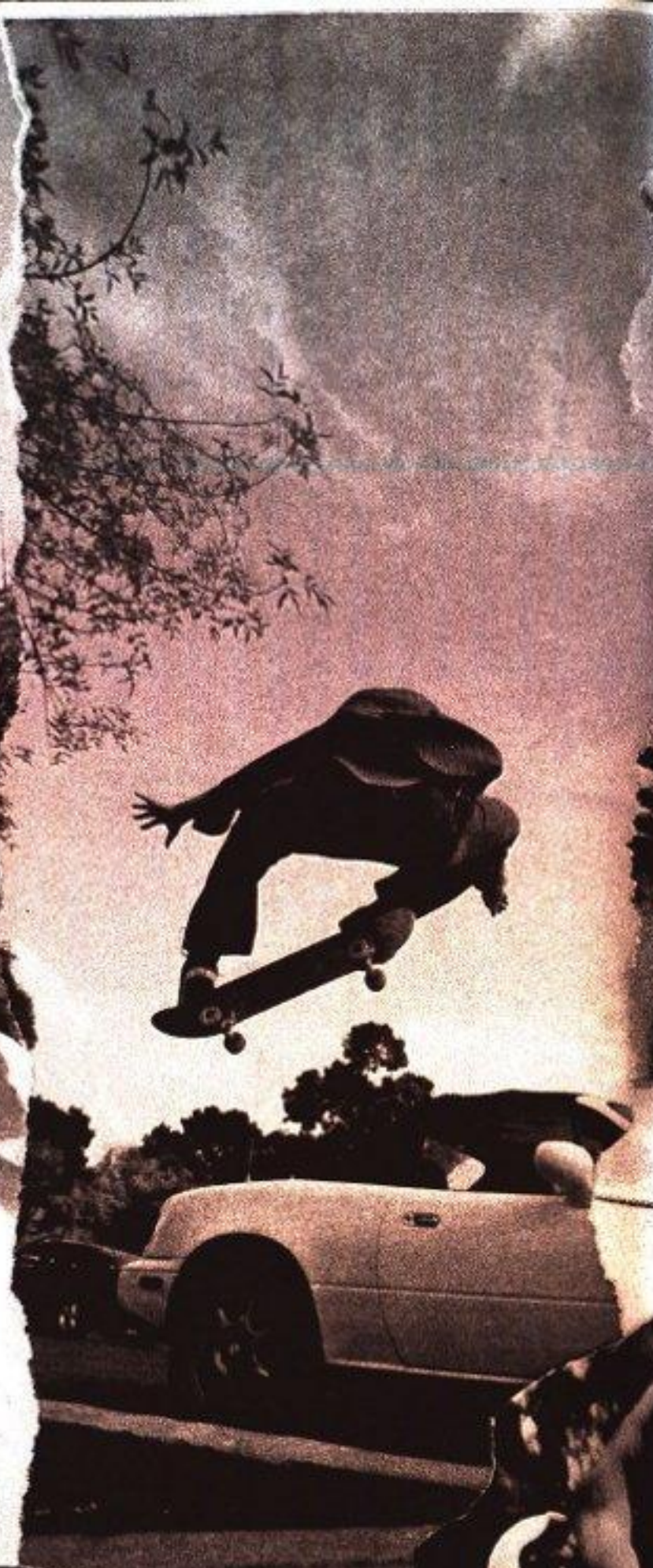
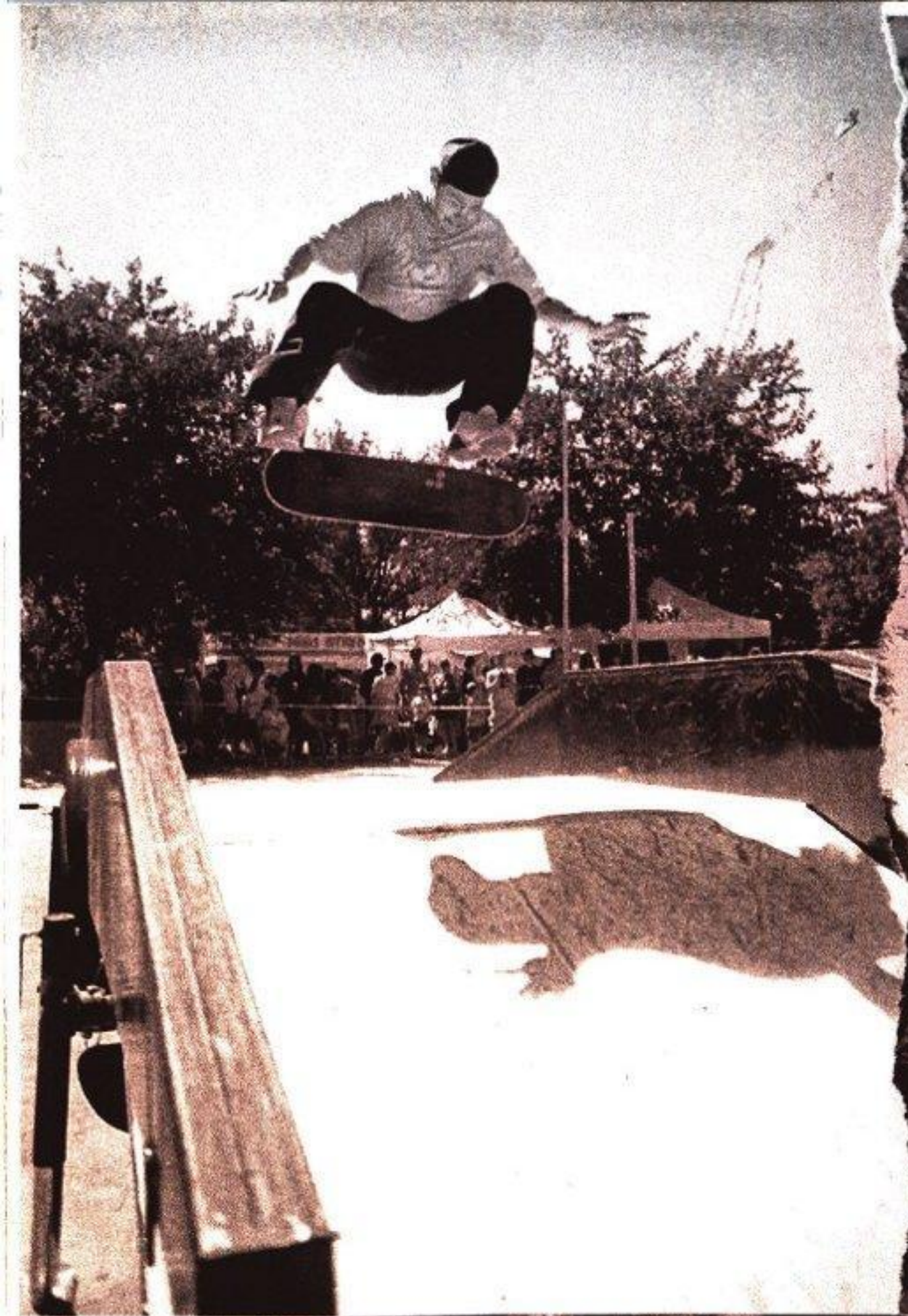


Skateparks,
Beers, cops,
Riots, drunk
tanks...
Richard Paez
frontside tailslide
And Homies
DESTROYING
ALL!!!



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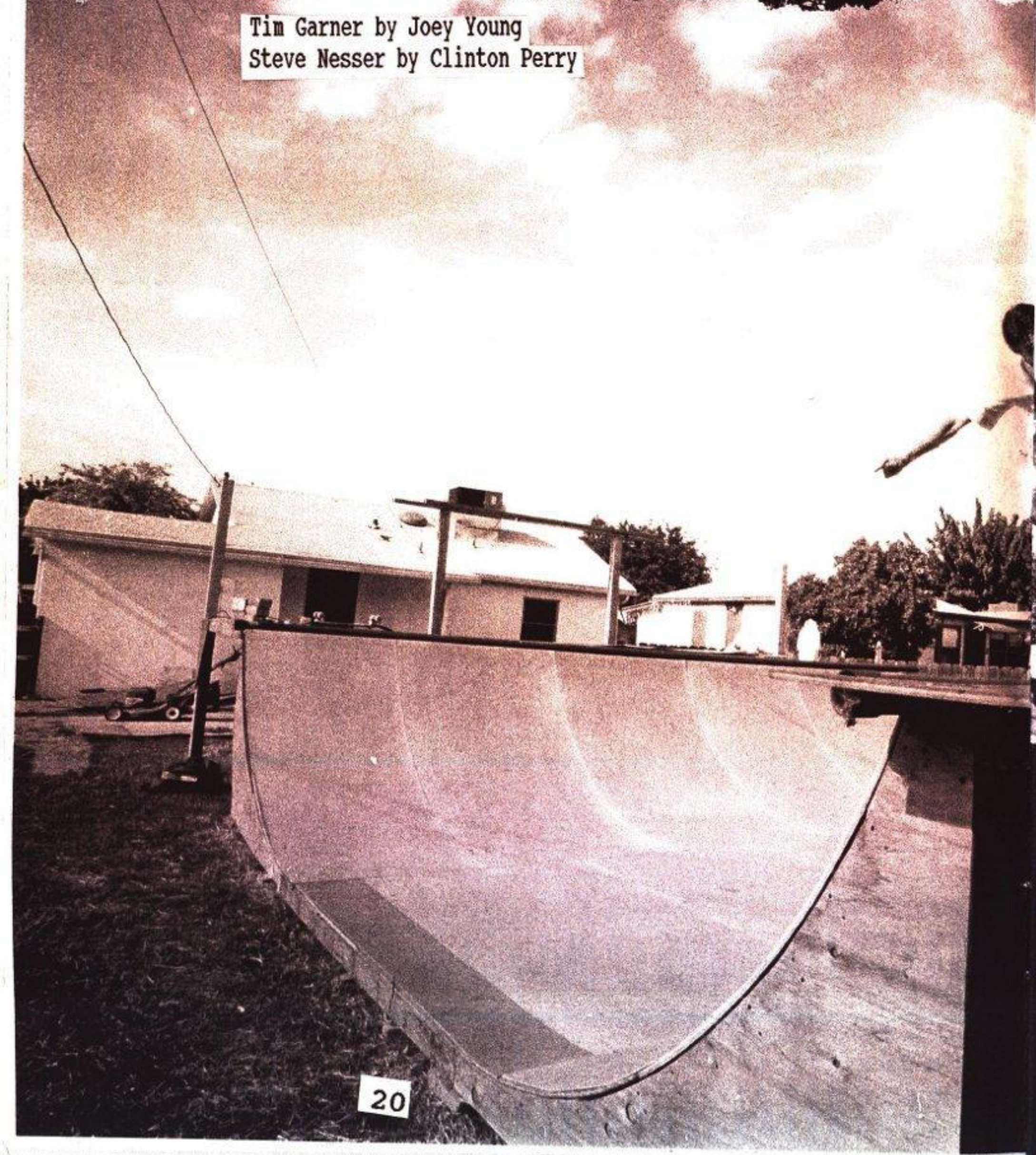




Henry Sanchez by Lianne Milton
Luke Larson by Jerry Mraz
Wade Speyer by Jeff Walls
Jay Moody by Clinton Perry
Lil' John by Joey Young
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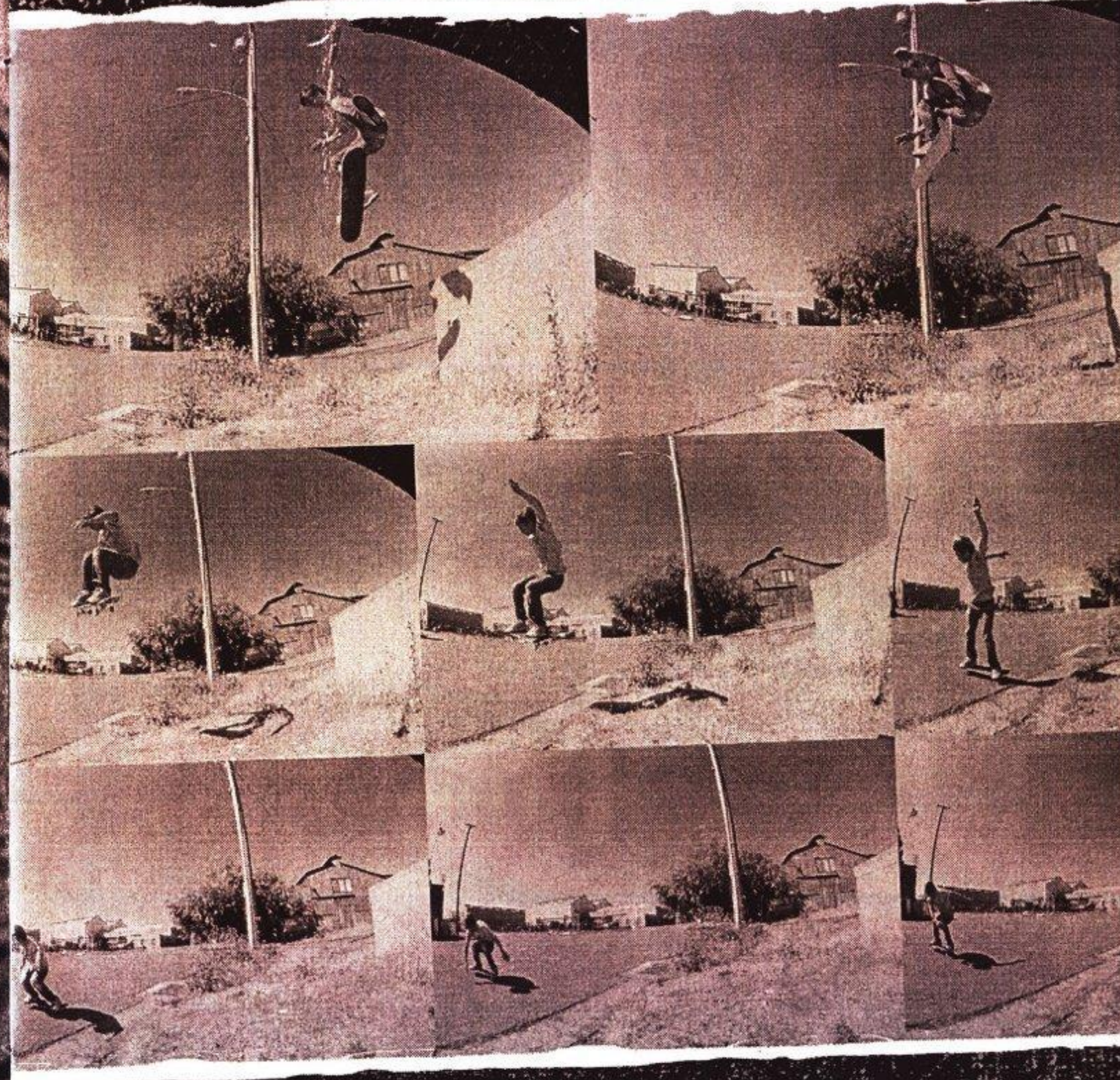
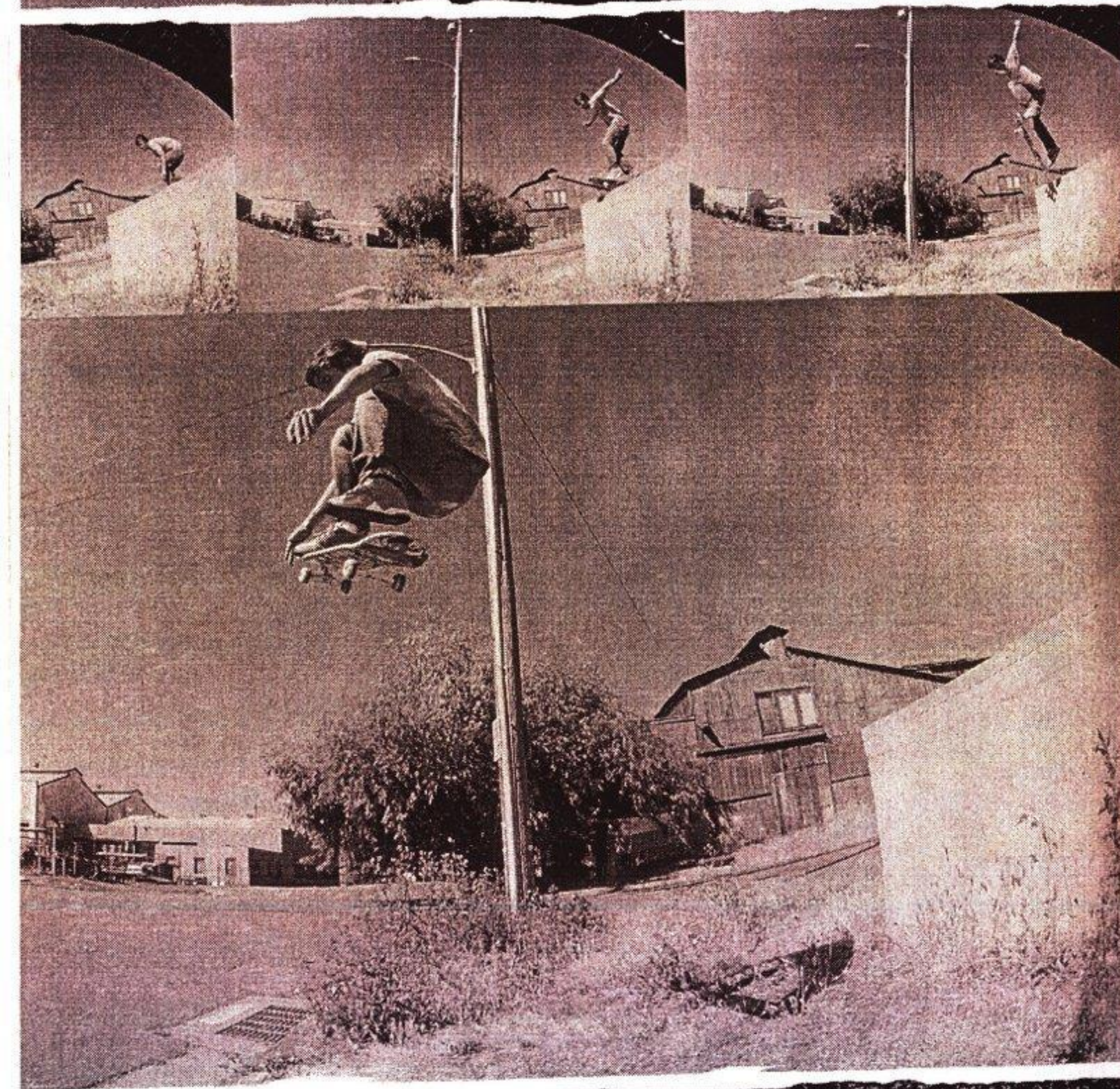


Tim Garner by Joey Young
Steve Nesser by Clinton Perry



BRAD STABA

NOW WANTED FOR ARSON

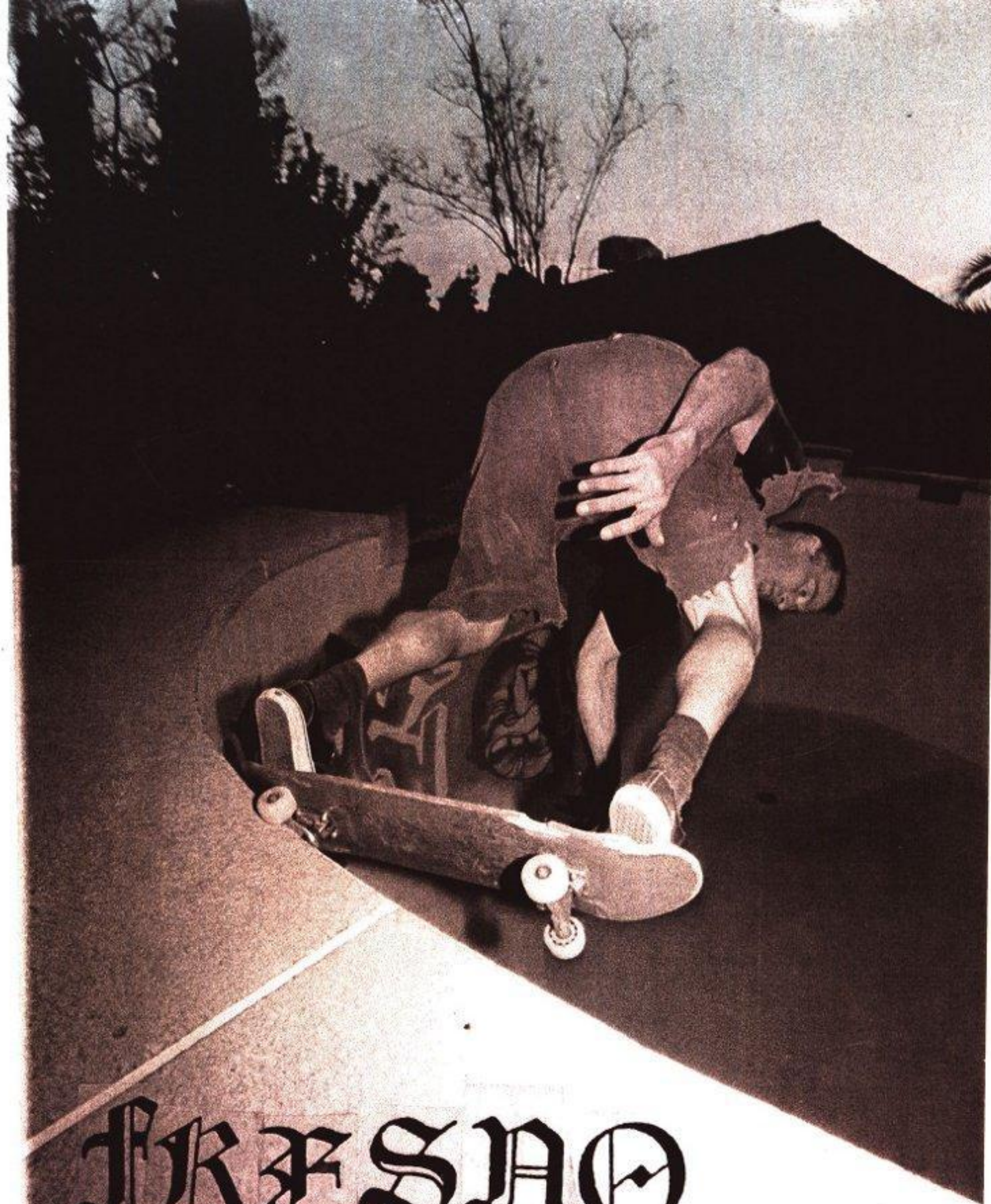


SPITFIRE

WHEELS

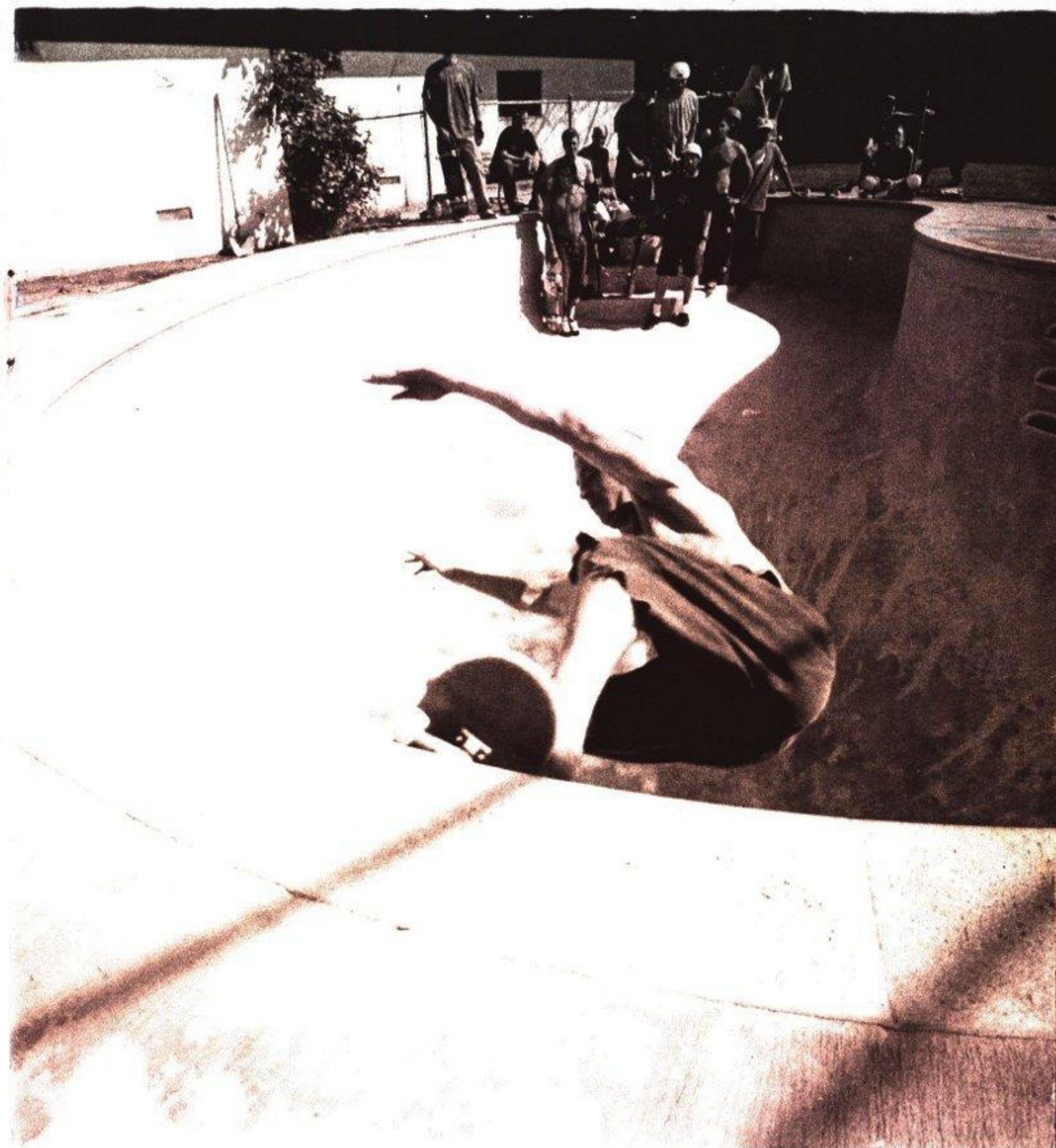


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FRESNO POOLS

I forgot his name, but his board matches his shorts so what the hey.



Driving through Fresno you might think no skater could possibly inhabit such a waste land. Tracts of ghetto housing and high crime, however have not deterred the determined from the search. Within this Central Valley town abide some of the gnarliest skaters of all time.

Lincoln Nass barefoot again.

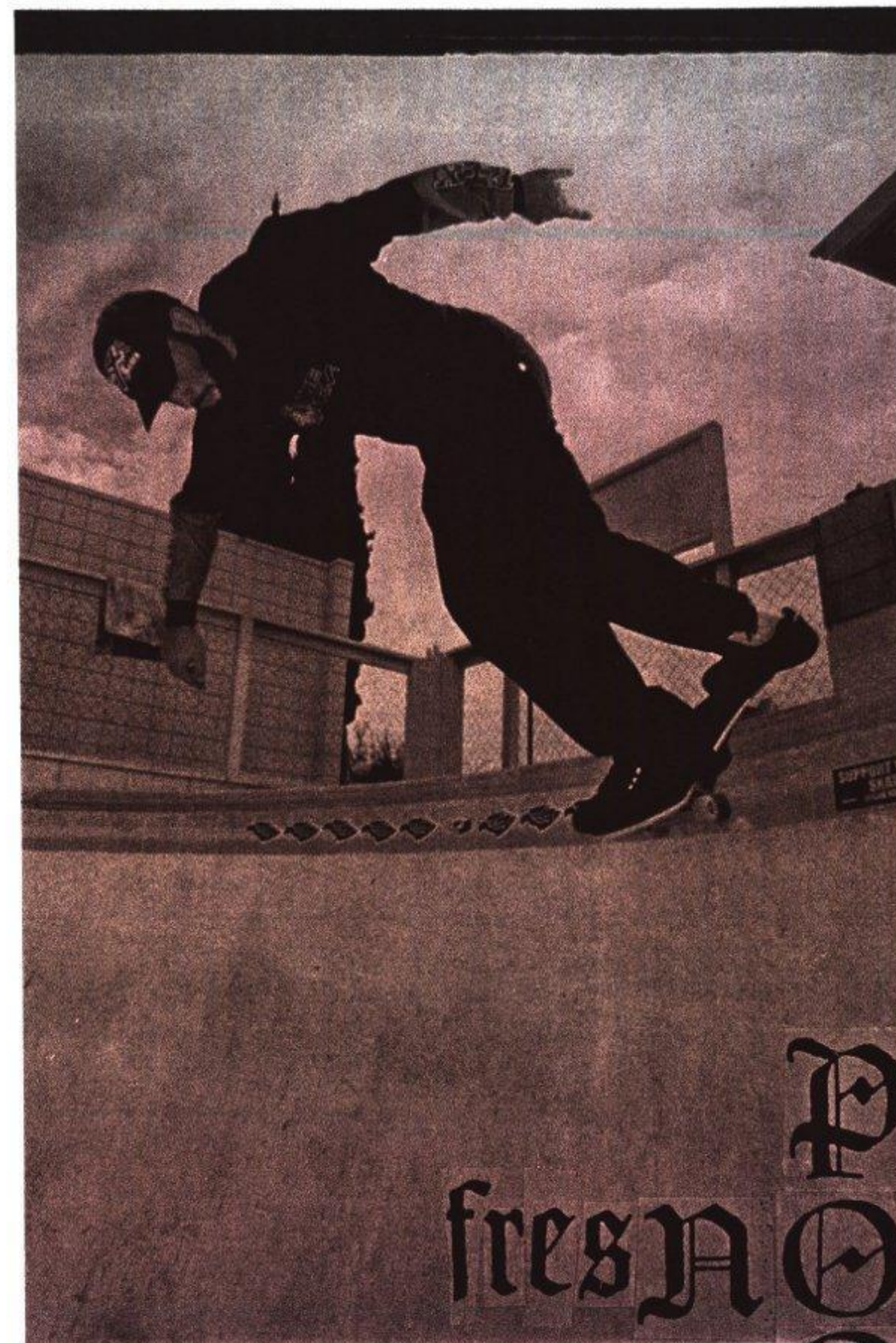
all photos by Joey Young unless otherwise noted



RYAN JOHNSON
SKATING IN PARK



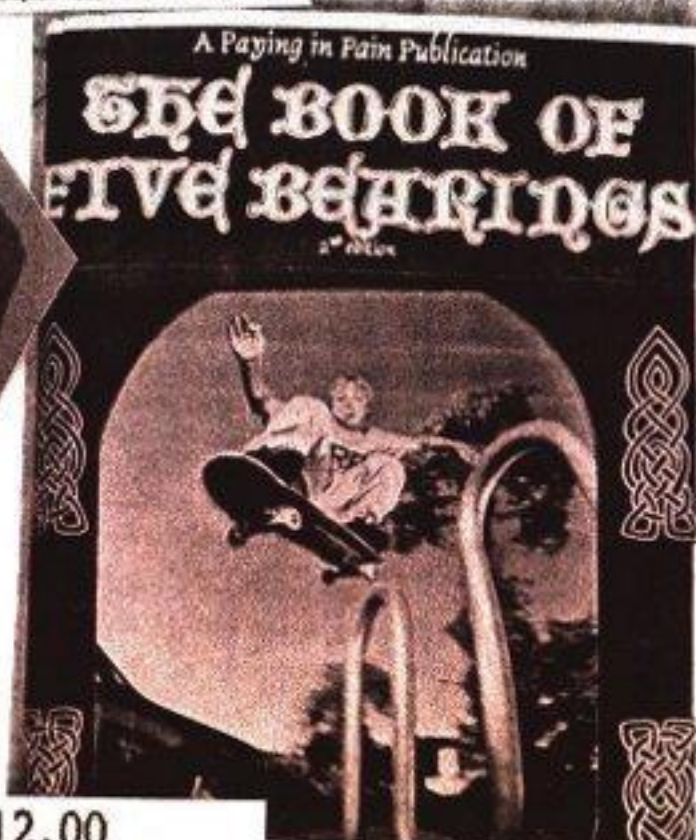
Tony Farmer around the stairs
previous page:
Ryan Johnson's tailslide on masonite and a
tailslide in this pool are not the same
thing.



The search and destroy mission
of all Fresno pools starts here,
at the Vagabond. The place
looks like the set of skate T.V.
+ crackheads. Salman Agah
dishes out a backside distater.

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CULTURE

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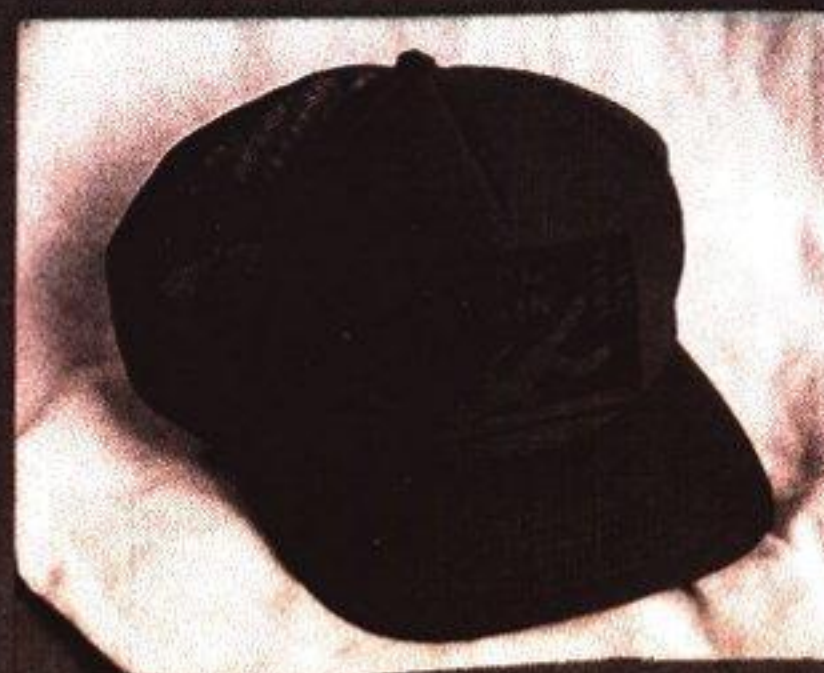
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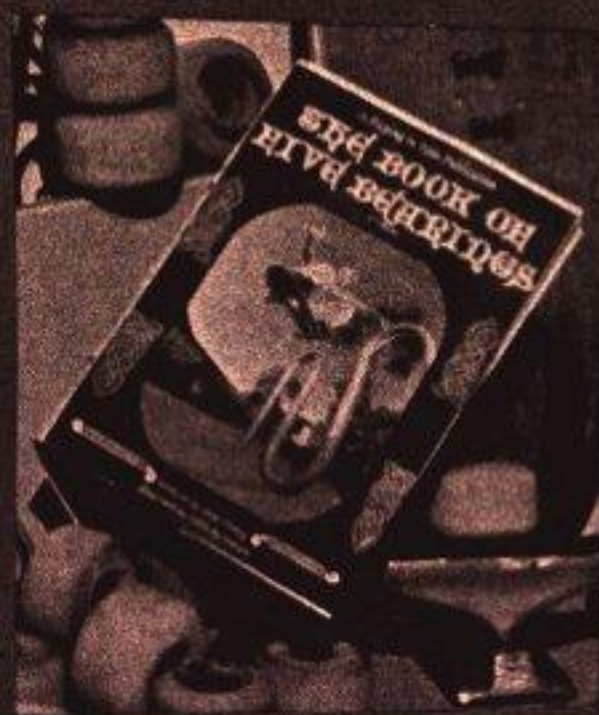


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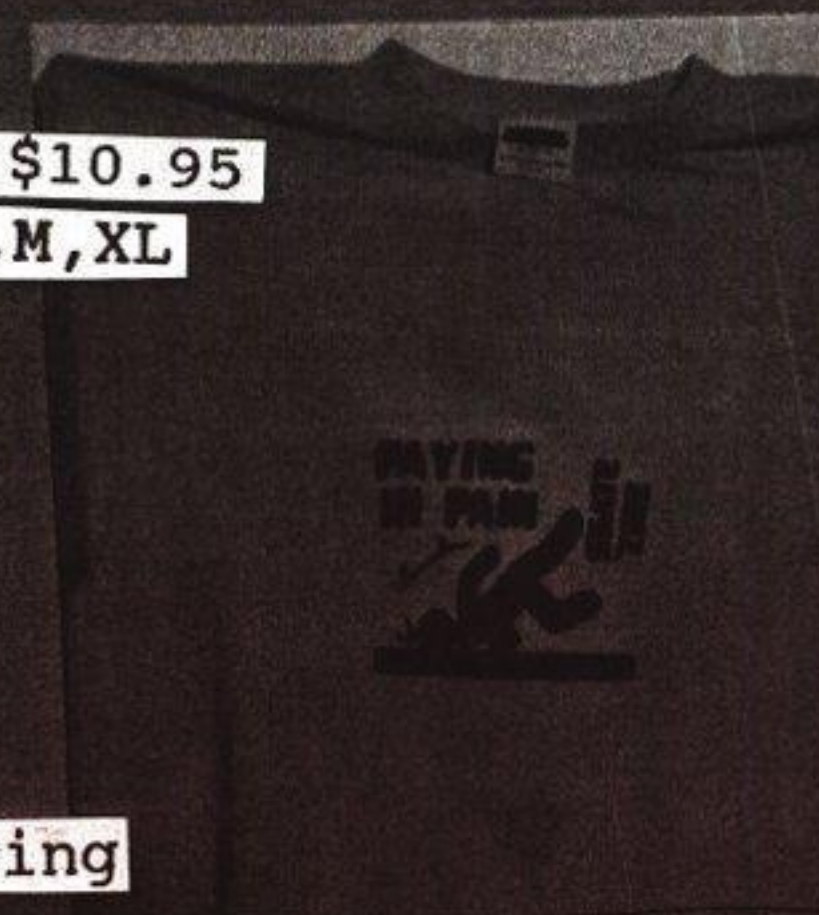
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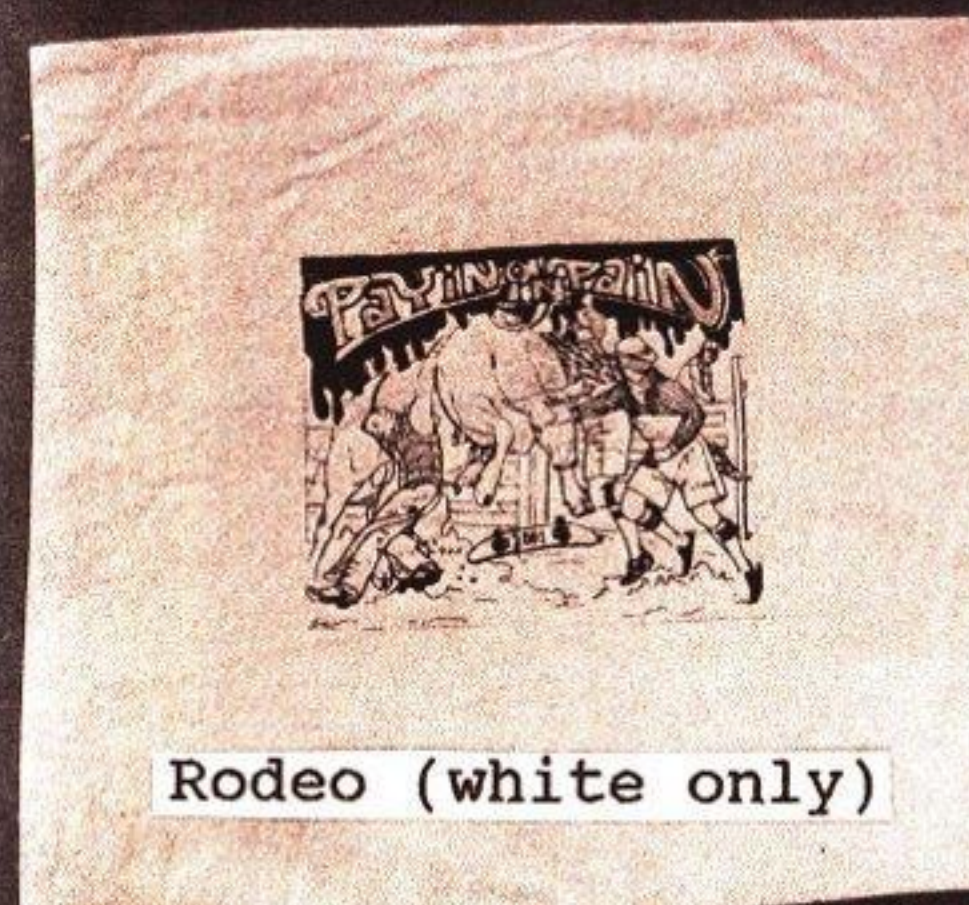
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Man Falling



Extension Of The Body



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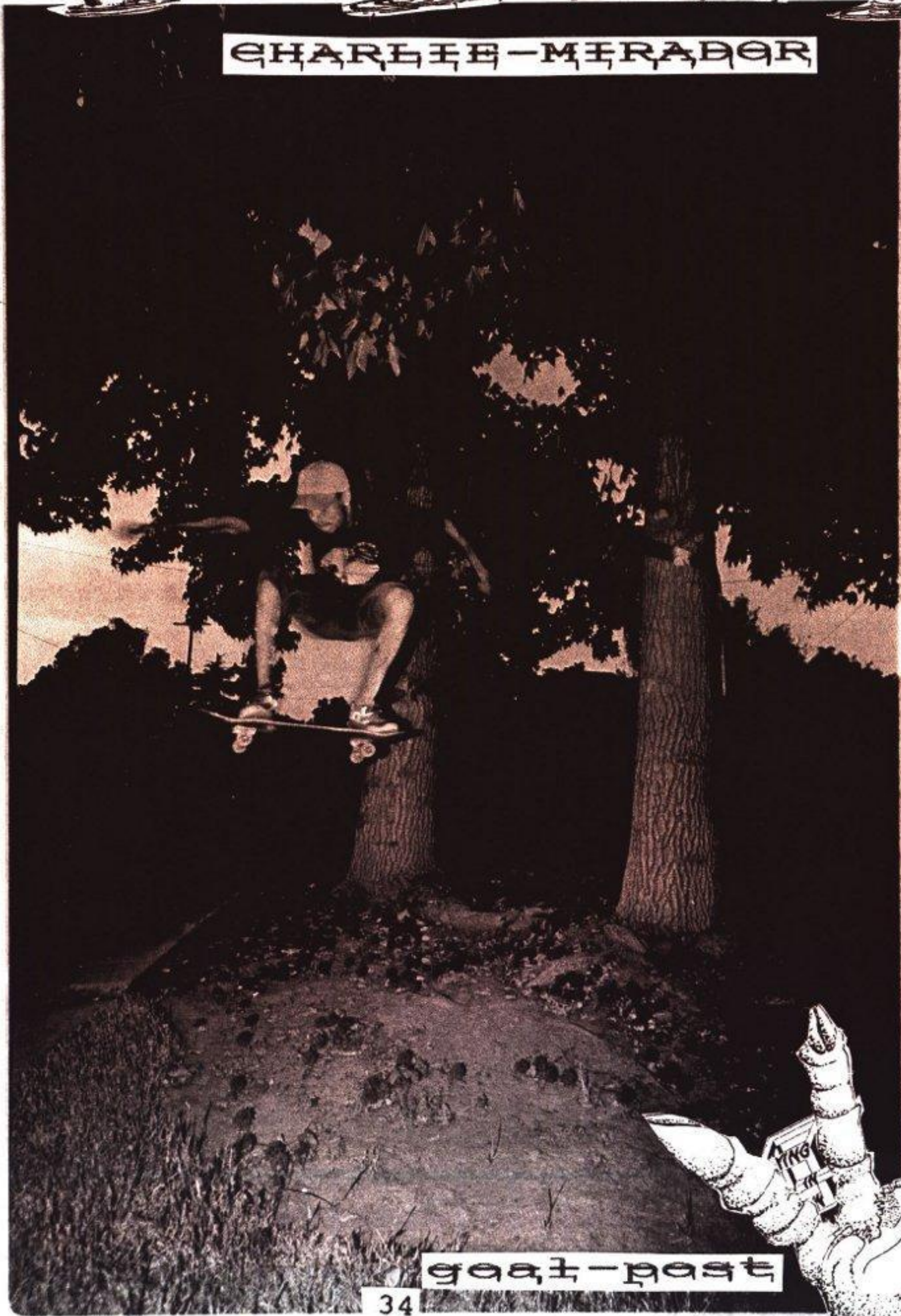
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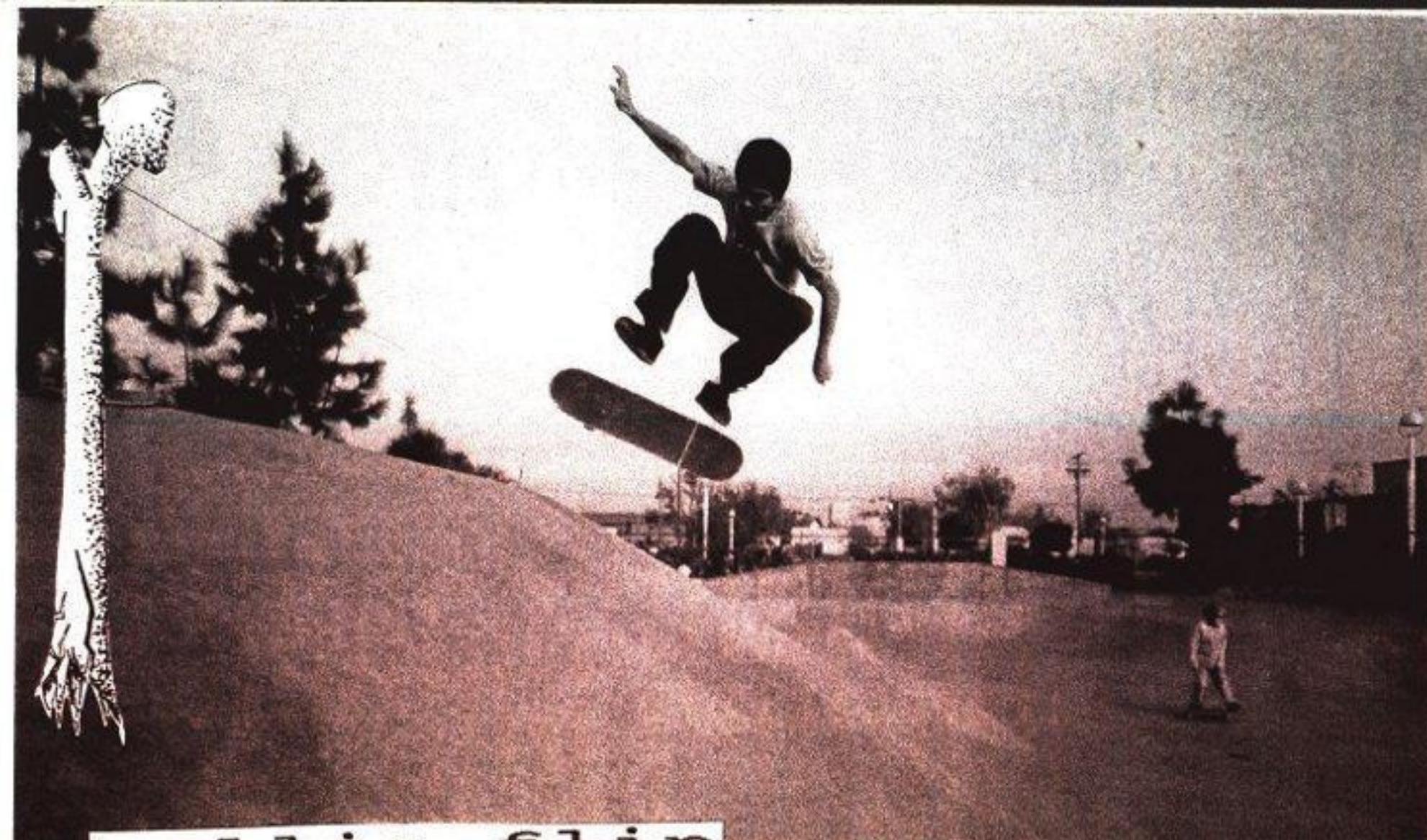
EMERGENT PHENOMENON

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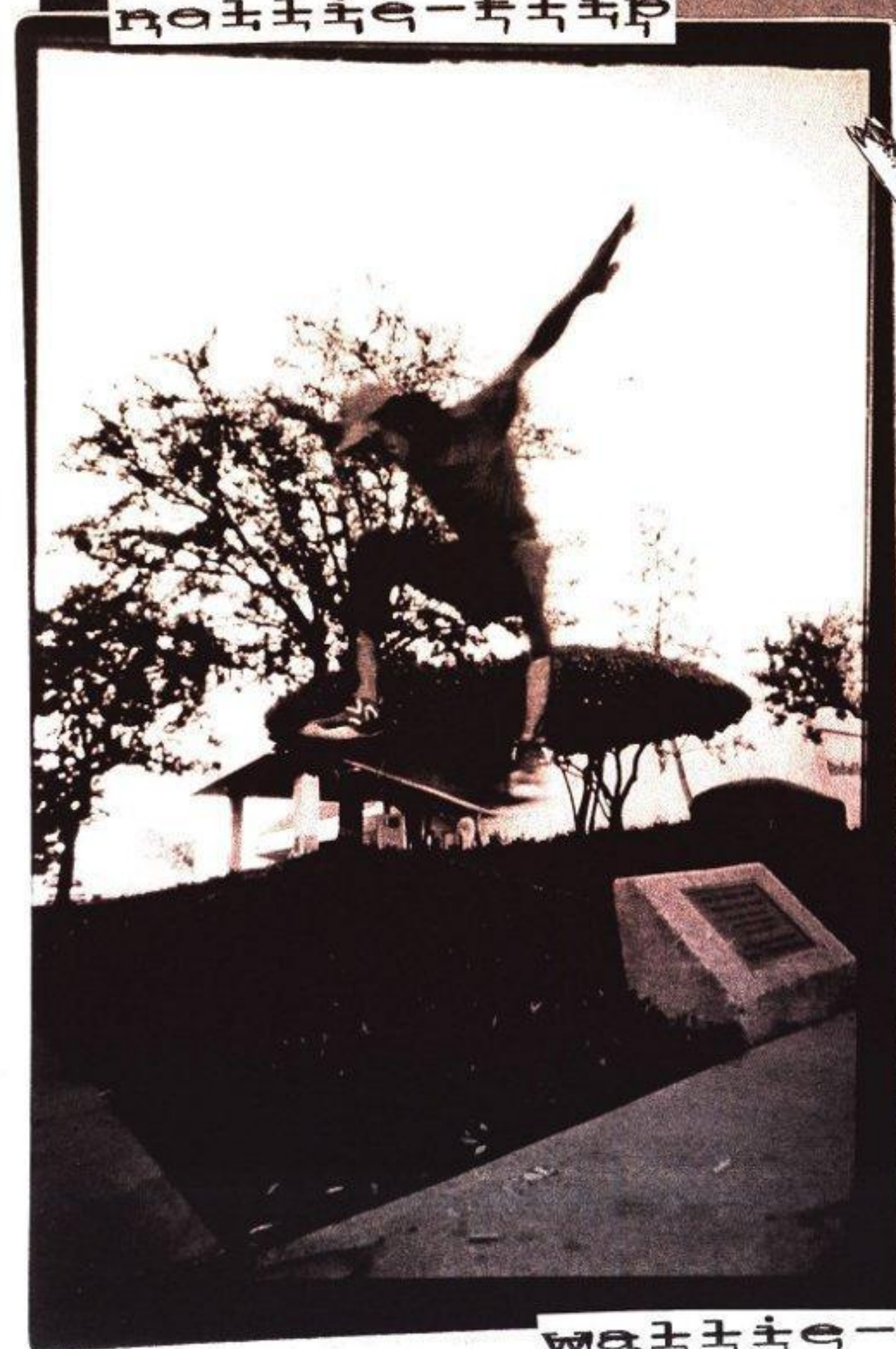
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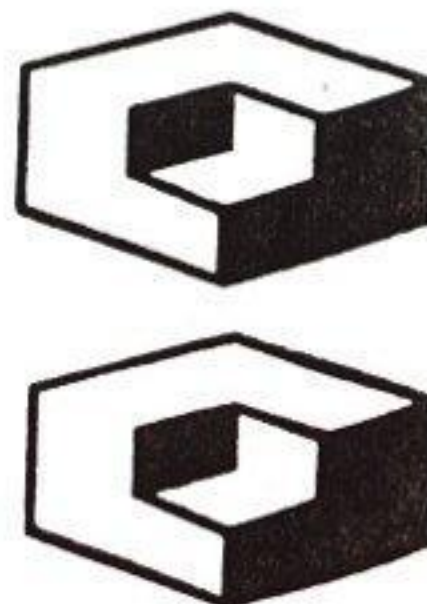
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LIVE WITH IT



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SKATING

LOVE IS EFFICIENT
UNTIL LOVE



"When will the heart be weary of beating—and nature die?"



He was ready now. He placed her picture where he could see it and eased himself into bed. As his head went down it lolled frighteningly, but he managed to catch it in his left hand and steady it until he was lying down. He was on his side now, his head resting on the single pillow that he had left. He thought he could have slept like this, but for the increased pain that came from the pressure on the growths on that side. He tried to relax, and to take his mind off his pain he began to repeat to himself the words of the poem he had read with Treves on that day when he had asked the doctor if he could be cured. He had returned to that poem a dozen times since, until now he could say it by heart.

"When will the stream be weary of flowing under my eye," he whispered. "When will the wind be weary of blowing over the sky?"

His eyes were fixed on his mother's picture. In the darkness he could just make out the faint smile on her lips.

"When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?"

The pain was growing now. Any moment he knew he must roll over onto his back, where he hoped it would be easier.

15" cement bowl

*This is the last in a series of stories documenting the nature of reality. For the rest of the story find back issues 4-7.

Tony was trying to bounce his back wheels off the coping. He would ride up the tranny and every time his body would automatically ollie, then he would kick away his board and get even more frustrated. "Why can't I just bounce?"

Danger Boy was on the other deck watching Tony talk to himself. He casually dropped in rode up the ramp and bounced his back wheels off the coping. His board looked as though it was glued to his feet and he did a huge ollie to fakie at eye level with Tony. "I don't get it," Tony said to himself again. "Every time I do an ollie to fakie I have to ollie, it's been conditioned in me for so long." He looked at the coping. "If I could just allow myself to ride and bounce I know I could get as high as Danger Boy does." Right then Danger Boy dropped in again. This time he smacked down his tail on the way up. He completely ignored the coping and flew even higher than before doing a huge ollie to fakie above Tony's head.

Danger Boy came up on the deck and said, "It's not how you get there, but where your going that counts." Tony decided to take a break. He had been skating all morning.

Looking around off the top of the ramp Tony surveyed the skatepark. There were ramps of every kind. The newest addition was the 15 foot deep cement bowl. It usually got skated later in the day. There were hundreds of skaters too. Skaters had come from all over the West Coast to this mountain top.

Tony had been living in Portland when the bombs hit. Miraculously he had survived and found Danger Boy. Along with two other skaters, Steve and Ralph, they had all come to this mountain and found this skateboarding paradise. It was an oasis surrounded by foul air and deadly radiation and for reasons unknown to any of them, hundreds of skaters had made their way here. They had all just felt the urge to come to this place.

When the four skaters had arrived a month ago, new skaters were showing up daily. It was less common now to see new ones. Everybody who was going to make it had, so when two men walked into the skatepark one day it was a big deal and everybody was excited. "I heard they're from S.F.," someone said. "What are they doing here, they don't even skate," another would say. Tony knew not to believe anyone. He had to meet the newcomers for himself. A small crowd had gathered around the two men. Tony pushed his way towards the center. He found what he was looking for and could not believe it. "Mendell, what are you doing here?!" The two friends had not seen each other in years. Mendell looked at Tony's shocked face and calmly said, "I thought you might be here Tony." The skater and the musician shook hands. They had been best friends years ago and had barely heard from each other since. "I came with Flint," said Mendell as he pointed to the other man. Tony and Flint shook hands. "You guys, my friends, are welcome on our mountaintop," Tony said. "let me show you guys a place to sleep and relax, it must have been a long walk from S.F." "Yes, it was very long and treacherous," returned Mendell. Tony led them out of the crowd.

Mendell and Tony talked as they walked. "You may find this impossible to believe, but all these skaters have just shown up here and built these ramps on a hunch," Tony started to explain the mountain top. I came from Portland and to this day I still don't know what it was that led me here." "Now that I'm here though I love it, we have a little piece of paradise in these ramps."

"I have stories of unbelievable content also," Mendell said. Before S.F. was destroyed I realized that my drumming possessed incredible powers." "I have learned how to stop the passing of time using a drum beat." Tony gave Mendell a long look, just to make sure he wasn't being fooled. Mendell knew that look. "It gets crazier," he said. "This man, Flint, he comes from the year 13,000, he was sent here to study our culture."

"I was sent here," said Flint, "but I was never told of a nuclear war happening, in fact I do not believe this war was supposed to happen." Tony thought this all sounded a skeptical, but Flint went on. "I have to call my commanders in the future, this mountaintop is a good place to transmit from." Flint pulled out a calculator looking devise. Tony stepped forward to take a closer look at the device.

"That is his device, with it he can do many things," said Mendell. Tony looked at the small machine in Flint's hands. "I have been surviving on common soil for the past few months, my incredible devise makes it edible." Tony turned back towards Mendell and asked, "is all this true?" "Well, I don't really know about the edible soil part, but as for being from the year 13,000, he's genuine." "Damn," said Tony.

The three men reached a small house built out of old plywood and masonite. Inside was a dirt floor covered in wood and blankets. "These are our finest post-apocalyptic accommodations," joked Tony. Mendell laughed a little. Flint announced he was going to hike up to the tallest peak and call his commanders. He left the shack and started in the direction of a tall peak. Mendell said. "Watch this." He picked a piece of wood off the ground and started tapping it against the wall. His eyes closed and a slight smile came to his face. Tony was amazed how well Mendell could play the simple instrument. "Look at Flint now," said Mendell. Tony looked and was amazed. Flint was frozen mid-step, his entire body stuck in time. "Look around Tony, everything has stopped." Tony could not believe it. He asked, "How do yo do that?" "It just comes out of my drumming," said Mendell. "Over the past few years I have perfected it and can now control it quite easily." Mendell stopped drumming and everything was back to normal again.

Soon Tony had brought some food for his friend. Mendell felt good. He was finally warm and for the first time in months was having a good meal. Danger boy came up and took a seat across the table and started to speak. "I hear you have strange powers," he said. "To me they're not strange," said Mendell. "But, ya I guess I do." Danger Boy looked very interested. "Tony told me about what you did with the sticks." He paused for a moment before continuing. "I have spent my life studying this world and myself through skateboarding." "I have learned many things, but the greatest thing I have learned is that I don't really know anything." "I have seen glimpses of a true, unreachable reality, but being a human stuck to this planet I know I can never really reach where I want to go." Mendell wanted to listen and talk, but this bowl of rice was so good all he could say was, "Good rice." Danger Boy grew more serious. "Mendell I believe you have learned these things I seek, have you ever heard of the Materializers?" This got Mendell attention and he put down his spoon. "I have, some say I resemble a Materializer." "Mendell, I believe you are one," said Danger Boy. Danger Boy sat back and Mendell could tell a story was on it's way.

"Like I was saying," Danger Boy continued. "I have spent my life skateboarding." "I have learned to control my body and my thoughts, I have had glimpses." "I have learned that nothing is impossible, and the hardest thing can be the easiest if the correct state of mind is achieved." "Sometimes When I do a trick I know what is going to happen before it does, sometimes strange thoughts come into my head, I believe they are memories of the fate of the humanity."

Mendell spoke up. "You have had visions of our future?" "Yes, I have." Danger Boy continued his story. "I have seen the demise of intelligence for humans and from what I've seen in the past year I know it's true." "Average humans in the next few generations will lose their intelligence and revert back to almost animal behavior." "We rely on technology and labor saving machinery so much that eventually we lose all skill as humans." With the loss of our basic skills our intelligence too leaves." "I have seen a group of humans rising above all this though and using this new world to learn the true meaning of reality." Mendell interrupted again, "this group of people are the Materializers." "Yes," said Danger Boy. "The Materializers are the humans of the future, the artists, musicians...skateboarders."

Mendell was delighted to talk with someone who understood him. "I know that I am one of the first," says Mendell. Suddenly both of the men hear something. "I got through, I got through," Mendell and Danger Boy both turn to see Flint running down the hill. "I reached my commanders in the year 13,000 and they are sending a rescue party now. "You mean then," joked Mendell. Flint just looked at him, "huh?" "Now is then in the future," explains Mendell. Flint just keeps yelling "I got through, I got through." Flint grew calmer and tapped Mendell on the shoulder. "Mendell, I've got to ask something of you," he says. "What is it?" "It's my commander, he's a great guy, but he's a little slow and he's in a wheel chair." Mendell repeats, "a wheel chair?" "Yes, he's a little self-conscious about it too, so please when you meet him don't make fun of him okay." "Okay, Flint I won't make fun of your commander," says Mendell. "Thanks," says Flint.

"I don't trust his commander already," says Danger Boy to Mendell who has already felt the same uneasy feeling. "I don't either," he says. The two men then noticed something towards the mountain top. A giant cloud of dust is coming towards the skatepark. As it got closer Mendell starts to make out the forms of people marching. Flint starts getting more excited. "They're here, they're here," he says.

By this time Mendell sees a full-on army marching towards the camp. Uniforms, guns and all. As they march closer and closer though he sees how weird all the soldiers look. Half of them are in either wheel chairs or have crutches of some sort. He hears the commander giving out orders and thinks there must be something wrong with him. He talks in a slow, childlike voice, almost as if he's got a speech problem. The army enters the camp. The wheel chair at the head of it all rolls up to Flint and says, "Flint, you have done your mission well." "Thank you commander Gip," returns Flint. Flint reaches down and shakes the hand in the wheel chair. "These are my friends," says Flint, motioning towards the skaters. Commander Gip raises his eyes towards the skaters and says nothing. Mendell now is positive these people from the future are up to no good.

The commander announces for his troops to set up camp. "Flint, you have done such an admirable job finding the materializers, when you get home you'll have a brand new habitation chamber.

"What do you mean find them, I was sent here to study humans, not locate a bunch of skaters."

"Flint, haven't you figured it out yet?" Gip looked a little frustrated. "When we originally sent you back in time the true meaning of your mission was kept a secret." You were told you would be studying humans and you did, but we knew about the nuclear war and we knew that you would lead us to the skaters."

Flint began to question his leader, "How did you know about the war, I thought it wasn't supposed to happen?"

"Yes, it's true our history books say nothing of it, but in this time a nuclear war was meant to be." Gip went on. "After the war humans must rely on machines to live." "Many people have their brains transferred to silicon where their thought can be stored cheaply and forever." The humans that choose to live as flesh and blood live a life of hell such as myself."

Flint looks at his commander and the army. For the first time he doesn't see well trained soldiers, but a bunch of retards. "You mean the reason everyone in our time is so unhealthy is because of the war?"

"Yes," says Gip. The radiation has kept us down long enough, that is why we must capture these materializers and bring them back for study."

"You say materializers, but these are only skaters, not materializers." Flint starts to mistrust his commander.

"Flint, are you stupid?" "The skaters ARE the materializers." Gip raises his hand and feebly points toward the ramps, "Look at them, while the rest of humanity is dying of radiation and starvation they are playing, and you know what?"

"What," asked Flint.

"According to our history books soon these skaters will leave this mountain and return to the rubble of the cities, where they will play and have fun at the expense of us." "While we grew weak, they grew strong and that is why we have to study them and use their powers for ourselves."

The two men from the future, one in a wheel chair, did not notice Mendell walking up behind them. He begins to speak. "Didn't you people learn anything in your past 11,000 years?" Gip and Flint turn to face to Materializer who continues to talk. "Being a materializer has nothing to do with surviving in the new world, it's just about being positive and not letting the death of billions of people get us down."

Gip's face starts to turn bright red and all the veins pop out. He stares at mendell with complete hatred. "Our history books say you skaters laughed at the dying population and played upon to broken buildings."

"Number one, I am not a skater, I am a musician and number two, I would never laugh at another human," says Mendell. Danger Boy sees the three men talking and walks up to the conversation carrying his skateboard. "Hey Danger Boy," says Mendell. "This Commander thinks skaters make fun of other people when they suffer from radiation, he also wants to capture the materializers from this time and bring them back to his own time because he believes they have special powers that help them survive in this new, cold world."

Danger boy looks at the disabled commander and says, "Sir, I have actually seen your future and I know why your people are weak." He goes on to say, "After this nuclear exchange the population loses faith in their own human bodies and start to rely on machines to live, people have machines breath for them, they even invent computers to store their brains." "Now of course when something is not practiced it becomes out of shape and that is exactly what happens, The population's physical and mental bodies grow sick and weak, everyone thinks it's the radiation, but it is actually the machines that are meant to protect against the radiation." He pauses for a second and a smirk comes to Danger Boy's face, "It's very Ironical."

Gip's wheel chair starts to rattle as the frustration builds, "The machines saved us, you skaters all lie." He bellows out to his soldiers. "Attack, capture, complete the mission!" The entire army starts to enter to skate park.

Very early into the attack Mendell realizes there is no threat from Gip's army. Most of the soldiers are too weak to stand and many of the skaters start to actually laugh at the army's bumbling efforts to capture. "They are laughing at us, ahhhhh," Gip yells.

Mendell decides to leave the chaos of the park for a while and hike up to the highest peak, where the army came from. It is a short walk. At the top of the small hill Mendell finds the time travel machine where the army came through. He had expected something bigger, it is a small mat on the ground in the shape of a circle. Rising up from this mat he sees a cylinder of light reaching as far into the sky as Mendell can see. Throwing a stick into the light Mendell watches it disappear without a sound, presumably into the year 13,000. "Crazy machine," he says out loud to himself. Mendell carefully reaches down and grabs the corner of the mat, he yanks it out of position. The light disappears. "That was easy," he thinks.

Mendell picks up the mat and examines it. It seems to be made out of some sort of gel. It reminds him of the plastic bags of blue ice/liquid that you put in your freezer. Written in it are the words, "Welcome to 13,000." Mendell decides to bury it. He walks for a couple hours away from the skate park and buries the time travel welcome mat into the dirt. Then he turns around and heads back to the skatepark.

The day was nearing an end by the time Mendell Finally walked back into the skatepark. Gip's army had been having little luck capturing the skaters as most of his men were handicapped and clumsy. Many of the soldiers were lying on the ground exhausted. Tony came up. "Where did you go off to Mendell?" "I have disposed of their time travel machine," he said. "Good," said Tony. "Me and the rest of the skaters have decided to move on, we will just leave this worthless army to fend for themselves."

Mendell, Tony, Danger Boy, Flint, Steve, Ralph and the rest of the skaters packed up their meager belongings and left the mountain top. The new world awaits!

The army was so pathetically untrained and useless that not one skater was hurt or captured. Gip did not seem to notice this small detail and continued to call out orders from his wheel chair well after the last skater left. He did not give up until night fall at which point his head nodded onto his shoulder and he fell asleep.

The next morning the first to awake on the mountain top was Lieutenant Resol. He was one of the lucky, non-retarded soldiers. "Well it looks like they got away," he thought to himself. A funny thought came to the lieutenant's head when he saw an abandoned skateboard on the ground. He picked it up and walked over to the cement bowl. Yesterday he had seen the skaters riding and had a pretty good idea of what to do, so he put his tail on the coping, stood for a second and attempted his first drop-in. "Aaahh," Resol hit the flat-bottom head first and for a moment thought he may be injured, but after lying there for a minute realized he was not. Resol then climbed back out and again set his board on the coping.

No one else woke up early enough that morning to see Resol's Solo Session and when they did wake up they were far too worried about getting back to the year 13,000 to even miss him.

END

FRANKENWEENIE



interview by Dannele Wright
Frankenweenie is Clay, Alex and David

D I'm talking to Frankenweenie.

F I'm Alex, I'm Clay, I'm David.

D Okey, it's about 8:30.

F I'm gonna say words that don't make any sense and your gonna try to comprehend it.

D What motivates your music? Like if i listened and I didn't know you I would think...

F That we would smoke crack?

D Either smoke crack or were beaten by your dads every day. Like it's just so mentally warped. What motivates you?

F Stupid people who just stand there at shows, we want to hurt them, make them bleed.

D So people don't get into your music at shows? I can't belive that.

F I don't know sometimes they get into it. It just depends where we at, like at Fresno shows nobody gets into it.

D That's strange 'cause it seems like Fresno's like a pretty ghetto place and it's kinda violent so it seems the music would go with it.

F Their all pussies, it just depends what type of people like the music anyway. If they like crappy pop-punk then they're not gonna like us unless we play our Blick 182 covers. What was the first question?

D What motivates the music?

F We do it all for the nooky.

D Do yo get any nookie from it or do girls just run away?

F We try.

D Why do you think some people shy away from it? (the music)

F Some people like the music but they're scared to get up front and they sit in back, then they tell us later that they liked it so it makes no sense.

D Do they think they're gonna get beat up if they go up front?

F They do get beat up, we kick everyone's ass all the time.

D Hearing the music I would think you guys were some hard-core dudes, but you seem pretty mellow. You guys are pretty thin, you'd think you'd be all buff.

F They don't really like us 'cause we're too small and dress like nerds we can't play that type of music, but (everyone joins in wrestling voice) we showed them.

D But there's an intelligence in the music that I think you should be proud of.

F My lyrics make no sense and I'm really incoherent, but...

D What are the lyrics?

F Anything that I'm thinking about, what's on T.V., Mario Brothers, to our friend shit'n his pants, Quiet Riot, lot's of metal. I think the music we listen to is pretty funny. Like Lack Of Interest, his voice is really cool, that shit makes me laugh.

D Where do you see society going in ten years and how do you think your music relates to that?

F We just play fast music that's fun. It's better than playing one riff over and over and getting really bored because that sucks. I don't understand why we're not on MTV yet, we've written songs that nobody else has. I guess it's the screaming.

D So it's not some in-depth thing. It's just how you're feeling at the moment, but it wouldn't be something that would reflect on society.

F Some lyrics have to do with that, some don't.

D Not really the lyrics, but just the structure of the music.

F It's not like we punch each other in the face to write harder songs, but when we're at shows we do. We always hit each other. Fast music makes you sane.

D So how does Handford inspire that?

F If we were anyplace else we would say that sucked too so... It doesn't really matter where we're at as long as we can play our music.

D What do you think of our world and what's going on in it right now?

F Let it burn. Smash the stage.

D Where do you see your music going?

F Until one of us dies, that's about it, until David's liver rots. We'll get in a plane wreck like La Bamba.

D Are any of you religious, does that have anything to do with your music?

F No, not religious at all.

D Is it an anti-religion sort of thing.

F No, nothing like that even though we have songs like that we just think religion is stupid. Organized crap like that wastes time.

D What do you think of Joey Ramone?

F It suck. It's always the good ones.



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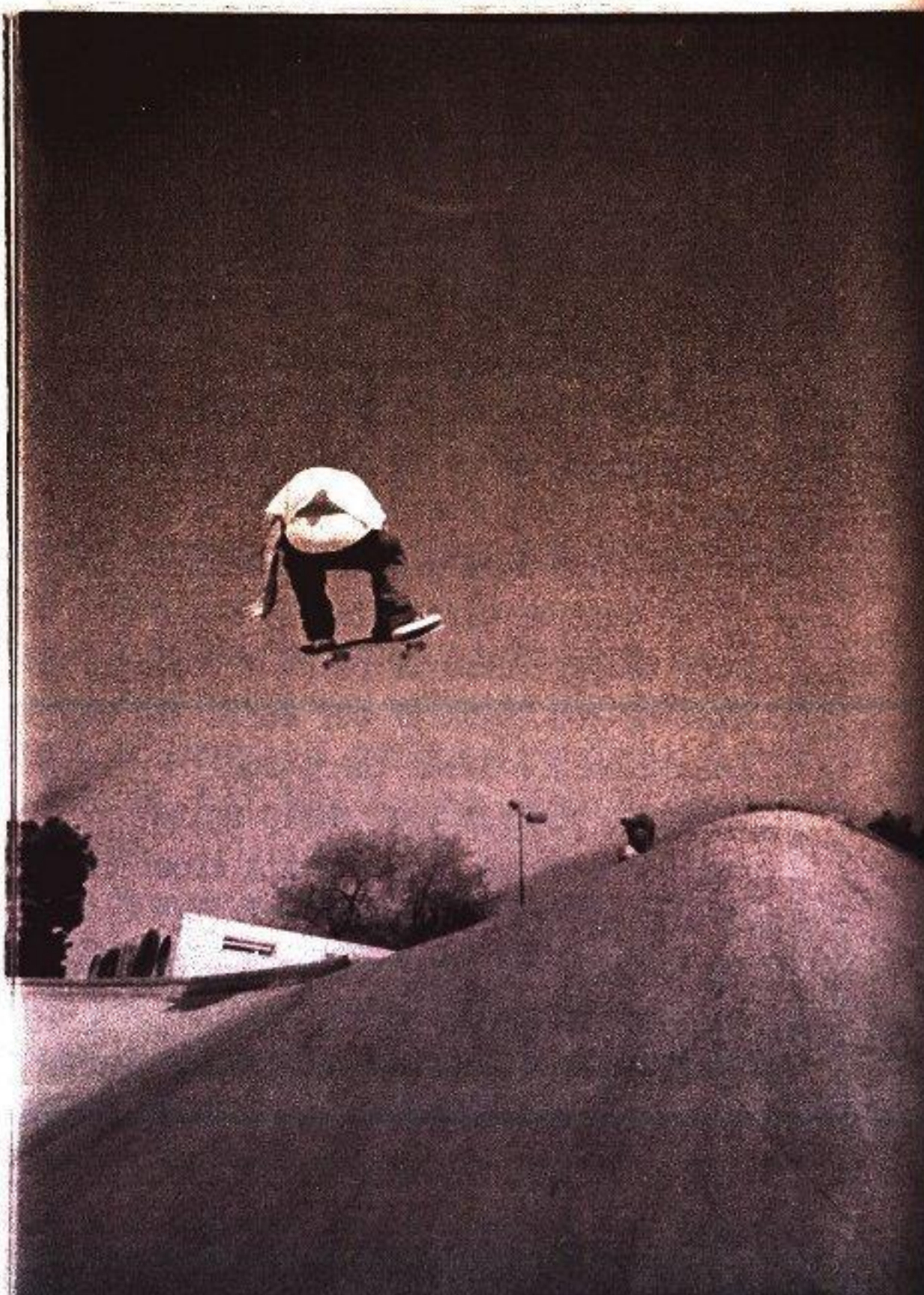
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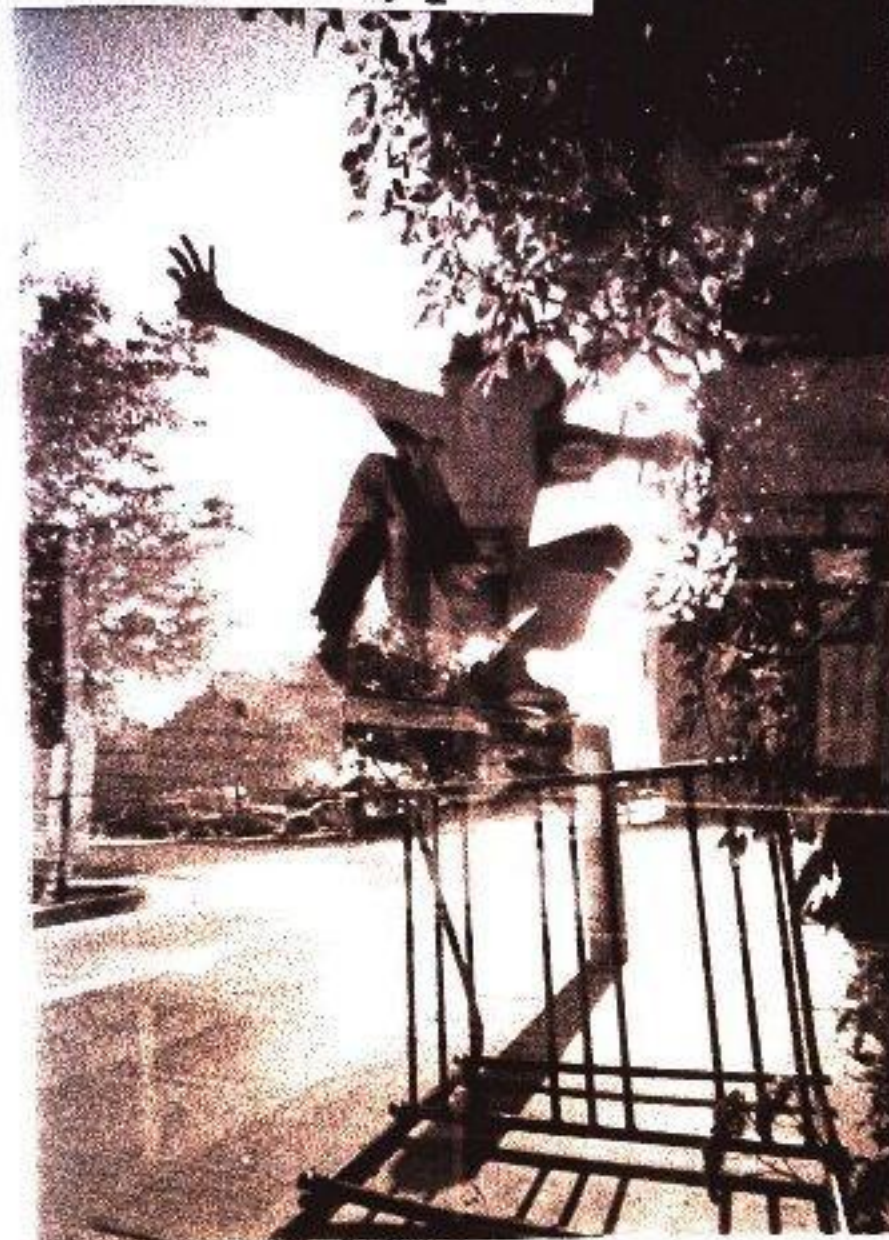
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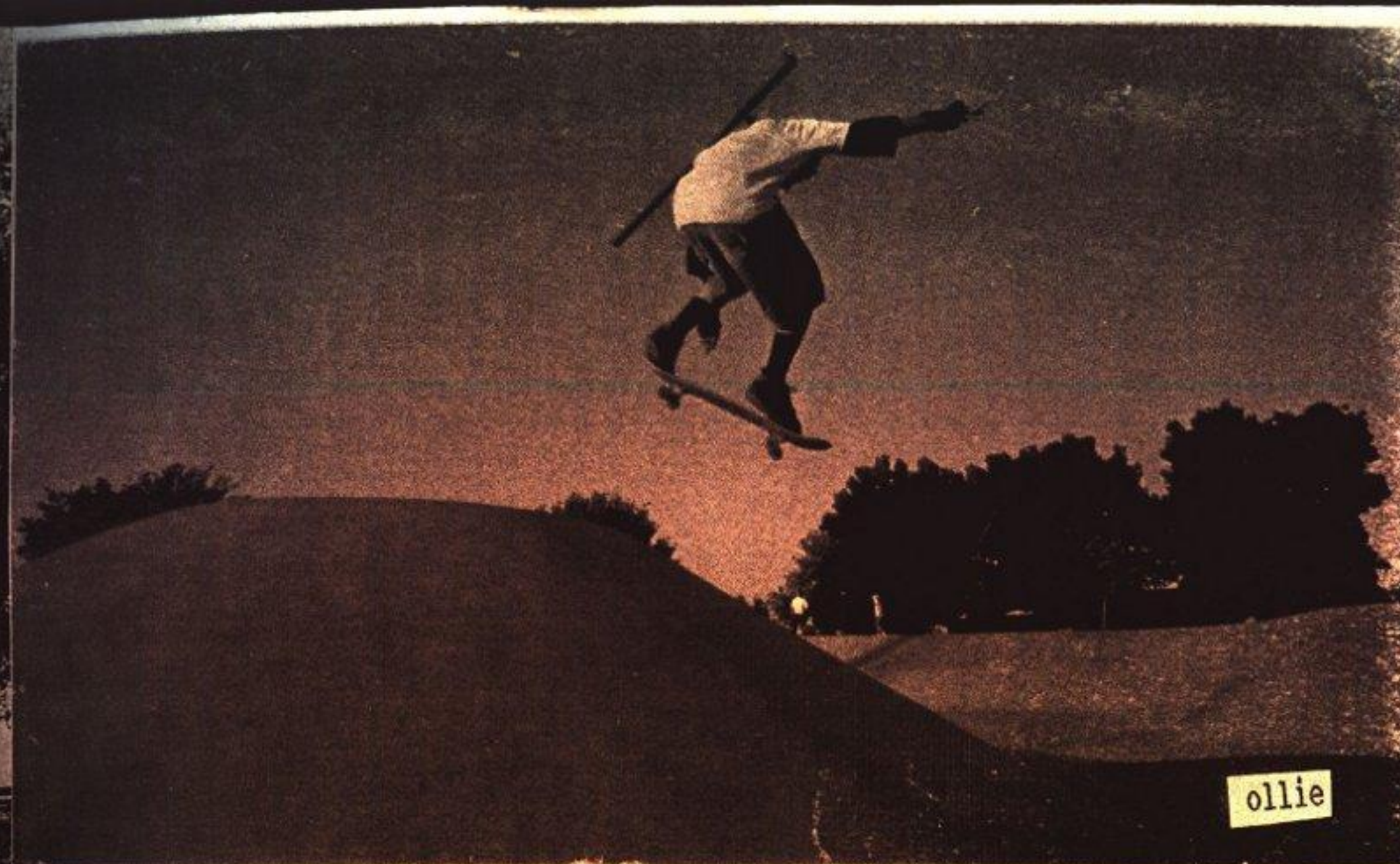
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SKATE BOARD SAMURAI



fight



ollie

How long has the Skateboard Samurai been on this planet?

I'D SAY A GOOD THIRTEEN YEARS.

Where did the Skateboard Samurai come from? INSPIRATION OF SKATING ALL THE TIME, I BREATHE IT, ATE IT AND SLEPT WITH IT EACH AND EVERY DAY AND I BECAME THIS WARRIOR WHO LOVES TO SKATE. NO MATTER WHAT PEOPLE THINK OR SAY I'M STILL GONNA SKATE. FIGHT FOR MY RIGHT TO SKATE JUST LIKE PEOPLE FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHT TO PARTY.

Where does the Skateboard Samurai usually skate?

AT THE RECREATION CENTER, THE SKATE PARK OR OUT IN THE STREET. I'M MOSTLY A STREET SKATER.

Where did you get your sword?

I BOUGHT IT AT THE MALL AT THE SWORD SHOP THEY HAVE ALL KINDS OF SWORDS, SAMURAI, MEDIEVAL KNIGHT SWORDS, AXES, YOU NAME IT. THE HIGHLANDER SWORD ITSELF, NINJA, NIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE SWORD.

Have you ever had a close encounter falling and impaling yourself?

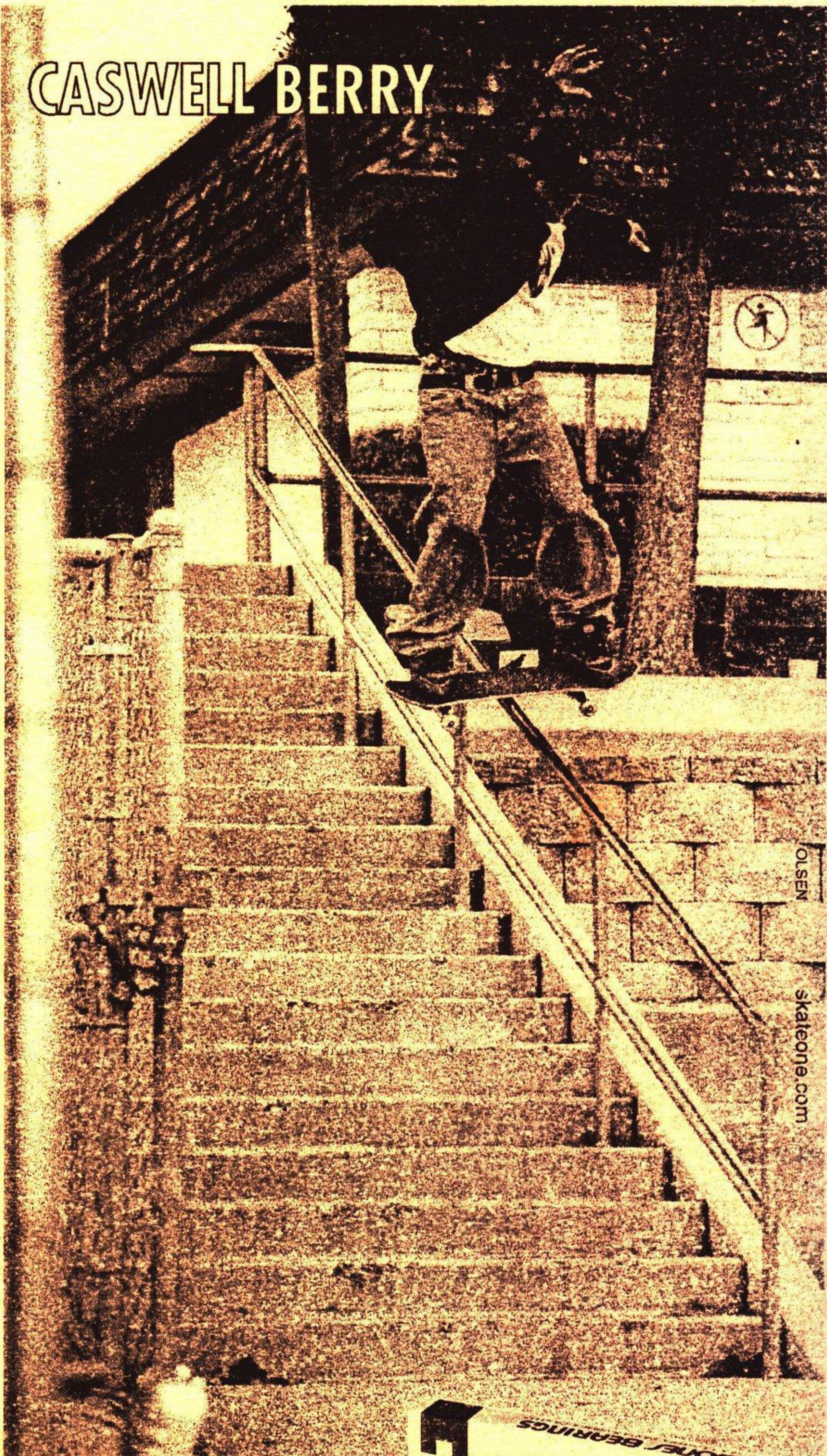
NO, BECAUSE I AM EXTREMELY CAREFUL WITH MY SWORD. I TREAT IT AS THOUGH IT WERE MY SON OR SOMETHING. SKATE 'TILL YOU DIIIIIE!

interview and photos by Joey Young



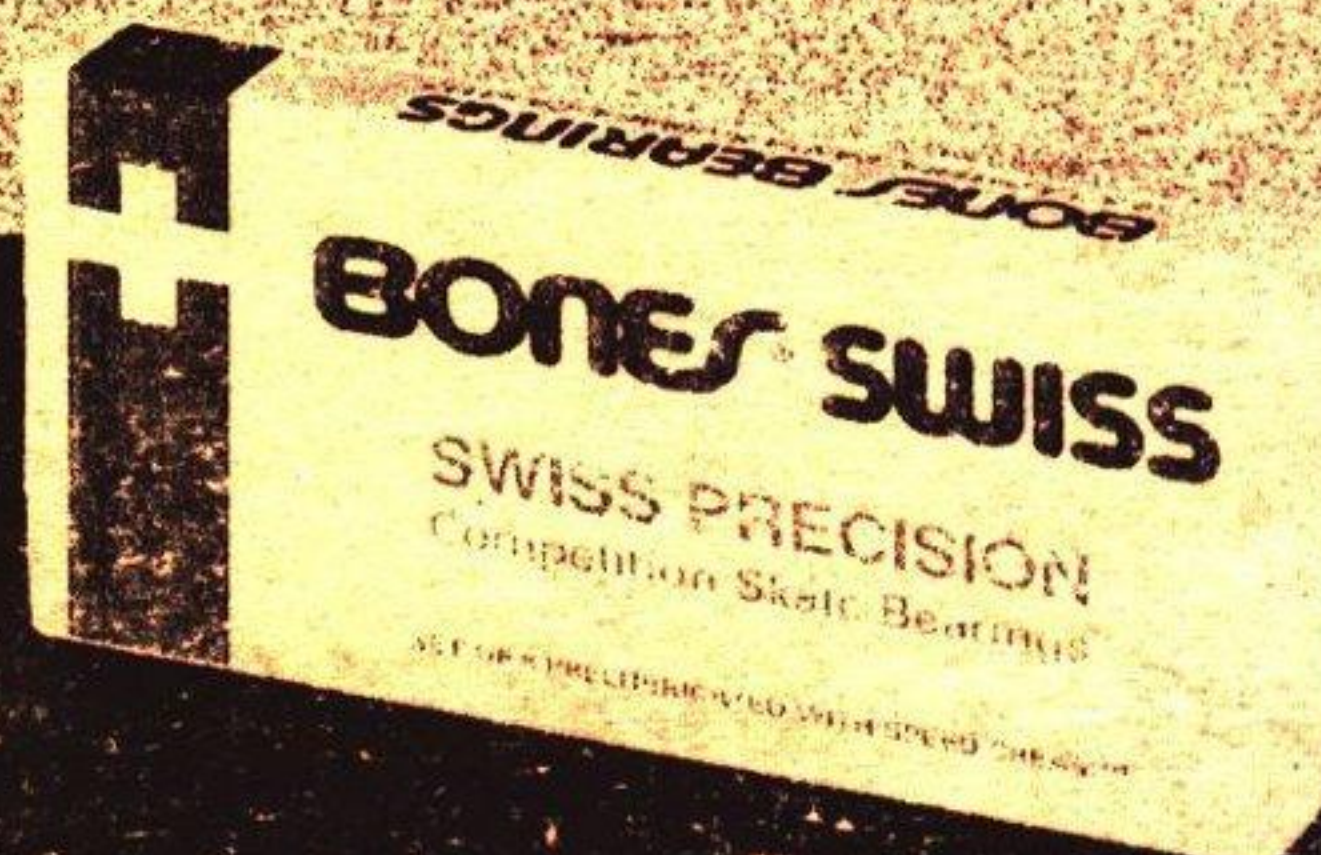
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